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GEORGE ALBERT SMITH
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EDITH SMITH ELLIOTT
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, JR.

H Y M N S
AND
SACRED SONGS,

Designed for the Use of the Children of the
Latter-day Saints.

PUBLISHED BY THE
DESERET S. S. UNION.

PRINTED AT THE
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR OFFICE,
Salt Lake City, Utah,
1888,

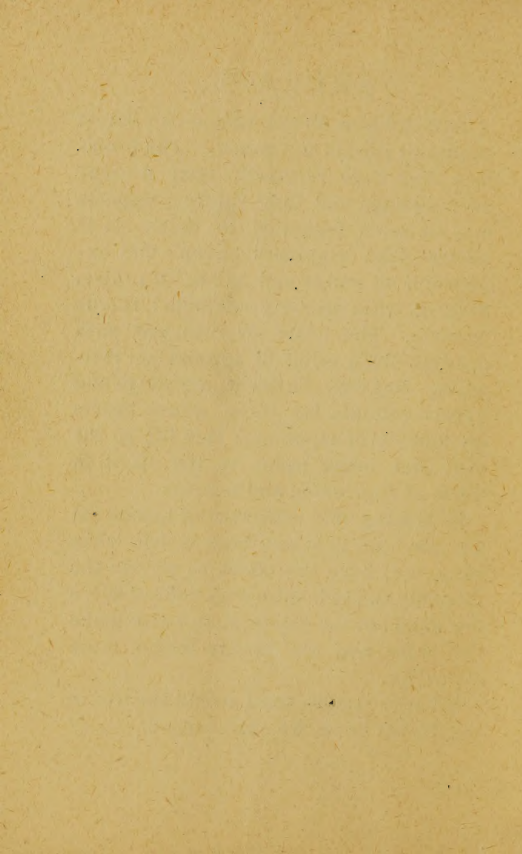
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PREFACE.

THE children of the Latter-day Saints should be joyous and happy. The promises they have received, their present surroundings and their future prospects are all most favorable to them. It is natural that happiness should find expression in songs and hymns of praise. Singing, when properly conducted, is true worship. The heart overcharged with emotion finds relief in appropriate melodies. Not only, however, are songs and hymns suitable for those whose hearts are filled with happiness; they lift up the soul and bring peace to the spirit in times of depression and sadness.

In making this collection of hymns the aim has been to select those which, when sung, will have the effect to elevate the thoughts and to inspire with noble desires the minds of the children, and also make the home and the Sunday School more attractive.

If these results shall attend the use of this Hymn Book, we shall rejoice.



H Y M N S
AND
SACRED SONGS.

HYMN 1.

We meet again in Sabbath School
On this the Lord's own day,
Where joy and gladness is the rule
And love doth bear its sway;
Where all may join in songs of praise,
To Him who reigns above,
And thankful hearts and voices raise,
For His redeeming love.

We meet again, yes, gladly meet,
To learn the will of God,
For wisdom seeking, that our feet
May walk the narrow road;

O Father, let thy Spirit dwell
 In every willing heart,
 That we may love and serve Thee well,
 And ne'er from Thee depart.

O happy day on which we meet
 With friends and teachers dear,
 And in this ever sweet retreat
 Their blessed teachings hear.
 With precious truths our minds are stored,
 The gospel plan made plain.
 Each Sabbath day with one accord
 Oh, let us meet again.

HYMN 2.

This day we come before Thee Lord
 To sing Thy praise with sweet accord,
 Before Thee bending pray.
 Be thou our steadfast hope and shield!
 Help us the Spirit's sword to wield;
 Protect us on life's way.

O Lord! may Israel do Thy will!
 On Zion's consecrated hill,
 Thy name shall honor'd be,

By righteous ones like lions bold,
 As prophets anciently foretold,
 Putting their trust in Thee!

Reveal to all Thy sov'reign might,
 Thy truth and mercy, love and light;
 Oh! then we shall be blessed!
 Lord! may we imitate Thy Son!
 And when our work on earth is done,
 Enter into Thy rest!

HYMN 3.

Gladly meeting, kindly greeting,
 On this precious meeting day,
 Sinful thoughts be all forsaken—
 Ev'ry seat in quiet taken—
 Let each heart to God awaken,
 While we sing and pray.

Gladly meeting, kindly greeting,
 Let us all unite in heart,
 While the throne we're all addressing,
 And our sinful ways confessing,
 Let us seek a heavenly blessing,
 Ere we hence depart.

Gladly meeting, kindly greeting,
 As each meeting shall return,
 May our minds by study brighten—
 May our aspirations heighten,
 And may grace our souls enlighten
 While we strive to learn.

HYMN 4.

Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing—
 Hear the echoes all around;
 List! the merry children singing!
 What a pleasing, joyful sound!
 Ev'ry tender note entreats us,
 Bids us come, nor longer stay;
 On our way the music meets us—
 Hasten, hasten, come away.

Here we bow in meek devotion,
 Here we sing God's worthy praise,
 Here our hearts, with fond emotion,
 Seek to learn His holy ways.
 From the books of revelation
 We are taught while yet in youth;
 Words of heavenly inspiration
 Guide us in the paths of truth.

Here we meet with friends and neighbors,
 Parents, too, are in the throng;
 We are earnest in our labors—
 To God's kingdom we belong.
 Trials make our faith grow stronger,
 Truth is nobler than a crown,
 We will brave the tempest longer
 Though the world upon us frown.

HYMN 5.

Sweet Sabbath day, all hail to thee,
 Beautiful day of rest!
 That sets us from all labor free,
 Beautiful day of rest!
 With joy we hail thy welcome ray,
 With grateful hearts our homage pay
 To Him who gave this holy day,
 This beautiful day of rest.

This best of days to man is given,
 Beautiful day of rest!
 To draw our minds to God and heaven,
 Beautiful day of rest!
 And humbly now we bend the knee,

With rev'rence, Lord, ascribe to thee,
 Our thanks for all thy mercies free,
 This beautiful day of rest.

Sweet Sabbath day, thy name we love,
 Beautiful day of rest!
 Let angels hear the strain above,
 Beautiful day of rest!
 'Tis God's command, let all obey,
 To hallow this, the Sabbath day,
 And spend in His appointed way
 The beautiful day of rest.

HYMN 6.

Never be late to the Sunday school class,
 Come with your bright sunny faces;
 Cheering your teachers and pleasing your
 God—
 Always be found in your places.

CHORUS:

Never be late, never be late;
 Children remember the warning:
 Try to be there, always be there,
 Promptly at ten in the morning.

Ready to mingle your voices in praise,
 Singing with joyful emotion;
 Ready to join in the prayer that is breath'd
 Bowing in humble devotion.

Always be ready and willing to learn,
 Making your duty a pleasure,
 Trying to follow the Savior's command,
 Then He will give you a treasure.

If you are faithful in all that you do,
 Ever your Savior confessing,
 Then will the Sabbath glide cheerfully by,
 Crowning the week with its blessing.

HYMN 7.

O, come on a bright Sabbath morning,
 And meet in our loved, happy school,
 Where wisdom and truth we are learning,
 By aid of our teachers' kind rule.

CHORUS:

Come, come, come,
 Where wisdom and truth we are
 learning;
 O, come to our Sunday school.

O, come when the morn's brightly glowing,
 With faces and hearts free from care,
 And with minds intent upon growing
 In the might of the truths taught us here.

With hearts full of faith, our great Father
 Will guide us in heavenly ways,
 To follow our blessed Redeemer
 And live to his glory and praise.

HYMN 8.

Children, haste to Sunday school
 Every Sabbath day,
 Be in time—a happy rule—
 There to sing and pray;
 Cheerful voices gladly raise,
 Sweetly sing your Maker's praise;
 Angels love your joyous lays,
 Love to hear you sing.

Lift the heart and lift the voice
 To the Lord to-day,
 Heavenly hosts above rejoice
 When we sing and pray.

Join in praise and join in prayer,
 Humbly to the Lord draw near;
 Oh! 'tis sweet, indeed, to hear
 Children sing and pray.

In the Sabbath school rejoice,
 Ne'er from duty stray,
 Let your early, only choice
 Be the narrow way;
 From its pathway never rove,
 Seek for wisdom from above;
 Unto Him whose name is love
 Ever sing and pray.

HYMN 9.

Come rally round the Sunday school,
 Where peace and love and order rule;
 Where youth and age in union meet,
 For innocence — a safe retreat.

CHORUS:

Come rally round,
 Come rally round,
 Come rally round the Sunday school;

Where peace and love,
 Where peace and love,
 Where peace and love and order rule.

Tis here a flood of gospel light
 Pours its bright rays upon our sight;
 We mingle with the joyful throng,
 In prayer, and praise, and sacred song.

'Tis here we get instruction good,
 And learn to act as children should;
 We learn to love and speak the truth,
 And practice it in early youth.

HYMN 10.

Haste to the Sunday school,
 Come, come, come;
 Why will you waiting stand?
 Come join our Union band,
 Gladly we'll take your hand,
 Come, come, come;
 Here we have teachers kind,
 And we shall surely find
 Much to improve the mind,
 Come, come, come.

Haste to the Sunday school,
Come, come, come;
Here we with one accord
All meet to praise the Lord,
And learn his holy word,
Come, come, come.
Oh, do not hesitate!
Come, ere it be too late,
March on to heaven's gate,
Come, come, come.

Haste to the Sunday school,
Come, come, come;
Here we will learn the laws
Of God's most holy cause,
Then do not longer pause,
Come, come, come.
Why will you waiting stand?
Come, join our Union band,
Gladly we'll take your hand,
Come, come, come.

HYMN 11.

Sabbath morning comes with gladness,
Little hearts are filled with joy;

Father's blessings banish sadness,
Pleasure's here without alloy.

See with smiling, rosy faces,
Boys and girls clothed in their best,
Hastening on to fill their places,
At their teachers' kind request.

May our Father's care be o'er us,
Guardian angels ever nigh,
Through life's journey go before us,
Lead us to the courts on high.
Holy truths our souls inspiring,
Which are given men to save,
Onward pressing, never tiring,
To the life beyond the grave.

HYMN 12.

Welcome happy Sunday,
Day of days the best,
Gladly do we hail thee,
Blessed day of rest.

Cheerful voices singing
Joyous, grateful lays,
Angels bear them heav'nward,
Songs of love and praise.

Humbly, lowly bending
 To the God above,
 Prayers of Saints ascending,
 Thank Him for His love.

Thank Him for the Sabbath,
 Holy day — and blest,
 Best of all the seven,
 Hallowed day of rest.

HYMN 13.

When the rosy light of morning
 Softly beams above the hill,
 And the birds, sweet heavenly songsters,
 Every dell with music fill,
 Fresh from slumber we awaken,
 Sunshine makes the heart so gay;
 Nature breathes her sweetest fragrance
 On the holy Sabbath day.

CHORUS:

Then away, haste away,
 Come away to the Sunday school;
 Then away, do not delay,
 Come away to the Sunday school.

For a good and glorious purpose
Thus we meet each Sabbath day,
Each one striving for salvation
Through the Lord's appointed way.
Earnest toil will be rewarded,
Zealous hearts will treasures find;
God will not withhold His blessings
From the eager, seeking mind.

Cheerful hearts make duty pleasure,
Willing hands make labor light,
Happiness crowns every effort
In the battle for the right;
And when life's short day is ended,
O, what joys we then will share,
If we here obey our Father,
We shall see and know Him there!

Let us then press boldly onward,
Prove ourselves as soldiers true;
He will lead us, He will guide us,
Come, there's work for all to do.
Never tiring, never doubting,
Boldly struggling to the end,
In the world, though foes assail us,
God will surely be our friend.

HYMN 14.

Come let us one and all
Join in a sacred strain,
And on our Maker call,
It will not be in vain:
For He will heed our humble prayer,
And grant us grace as free as air.

O God of life and light,
Our hearts beat high with joy,
And with most pure delight
Our time we here employ,
Where we can learn each Sabbath day
To walk the straight and narrow way.

O Lord may we be wise
In early life, we pray,
And strive to win the prize,
By walking in the way
That leads to immortality,
Where all the ransomed hosts will be.

HYMN 15.

With hearts prepared, with one accord,
Our eyes with rev'rence close,
In prayer we come before the Lord,

From whom each blessing flows;
 We here can learn the wondrous love
 His mercy ever shows.

Our youthful days should all be spent
 In living to His praise;
 Then let us all, with one consent.
 Our hallelujah's raise;
 And may we learn His holy will,
 And walk in wisdom's ways.

In all we think, or do, or say,
 May purity prevail;
 We'll walk the straight and narrow way,
 Whatever may assail;
 And this our fervent prayer shall be:
 O, may our faith ne'er fail.

HYMN 16.

Throughout these mountains, Father, we
 In groups this day appear;
 And all our Sabbath schools agree,
 To pray and praise and hear.

And children are Thy special care,
 Where'er on earth they dwell;

Though greater blessings here they share,
For Zion must excel!

God is her light, her teachers He
Inspires with words of truth;
And their reward is when they see
The progress of her youth.

God bless our schools, forever bless,
O'er them Thy Spirit throw;
Oh may our lives for e'er express
The gratitude we owe!

HYMN 17.

With cheerful hearts and voices sweet
We'll sing a happy lay,
To welcome in the dawning of
Another Sabbath day.

CHORUS:

Oh, gently sing a sacred hymn,
A sweet and tender lay,
To welcome in the dawning of
Another Sabbath day.

Again we meet in Sunday school
To learn the laws of God,

That we may follow in the path
Our blessed Savior trod.

We eat and drink the sacrament
In memory of our Lord,
Who died that we might be redeemed,
According to His word.

O God, our Father, let Thy grace
Be shed around, we pray;
And grant that we may treasure up
The good we hear to-day.

To Thee who gave this day for rest
Our thanks we freely give,
And all our errors through the week
We ask Thee to forgive.

HYMN 18.

With merry, tuneful voices, sweet praises
let us sing,
Until each heart rejoices and echoes loudly
ring;
Let all unite with willing hearts and join
the cheerful lay,
To praise Him who bequeathed to us the
holy Sabbath day.

CHORUS:

Then, children, haste to Sunday school,
 Nor tarry on the way;
 Remember well this golden rule:
 Break not the Sabbath day.

When Sabbath morning dawneth, in golden
 rays of light,
 All nature's beauty seemeth to sparkle
 then more bright;
 How pleasing 'tis to gather here with
 hearts so light and gay,
 And learn of God's own holy laws, on
 this the Sabbath day!

Each scholar should remember, strict order
 to maintain,
 And let his aim be ever, his teacher's love
 to gain;
 Oh let us seek the truth to find, nor ever
 go astray;
 But always be at Sunday school on this
 the Sabbath day.

HYMN 19.

Thanks for the Sabbath school, hail to
the day
When evil and error are fleeting away;
Thanks for our teachers who labor with
care,
That we in the light of the gospel may
share.

CHORUS:

Join in the Jubilee, mingle in song,
Join in the joy of the Sabbath school
throng.
Great be the glory of those who do
right,
Who overcome evil, in good take de-
light.

Now in the morning of life let us try
Virtue to cherish, all vice to decry;
Strive with the noble in deeds that exalt;
Battling with energy each childish fault.
May we endeavor thro' life's devious way
To watch and be sober, true wisdom dis-
play,

That we may o'ercome each temptation
 and snare;
 The gospel's salvation eternally share.

HYMN 20.

There's a theme for the old and the young,
 That is worthy the pen of a sage.
 It is sounding from every tongue,
 And emblazoned on history's page.

CHORUS:

'Tis our Sunday school!
 Let it echo from every tongue.
 "Feed my lambs," said the Savior, of
 old,
 Keeping guard, lest the wolves should
 assail;
 We know they are cunning and bold,
 If we're watchful they cannot prevail.
 The power of the priesthood shall stand,
 And prevail o'er the land and the sea,
 King Jesus will take the command,
 And the earth from all evil be free.

HYMN 21.

Ere you left your room this morning,
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ, our Savior,
Did you sue for loving favor
As a shield to-day?

CHORUS:

O, how praying rests the weary!
Prayer will change the night to day:
So when life gets dark and dreary,
Don't forget to pray.

When your heart was filled with anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was full of sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?

HYMN 22.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feelings,
Send earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
Go when the morning shineth,
Go at the close of day,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Pray then for all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
God's blessings humbly claim,
And join with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.
Pray then to God sincerely
Pray for His holy light,

Rich blessings He will grant thee,
If only asked aright.

HYMN 23.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.

In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage my waiting soul to bless.

And, since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

HYMN 24.

Kind and Heav'nly Father, from Thy
 holy dwelling,
 See Thy little children singing praise to
 Thee, [telling,
 Hear our little voices of Thy goodness
 Let our many follies all forgiven be.

CHORUS:

Smile in love upon us; shed Thy Spirit
 on us; ;
 Tune our youthful voices to Thy praise,
 Till the song we're singing, to the heaven
 ringing,
 Mingles with Thy holy angels' lays.

Father, we will praise Thee for Thy many
 blessings,
 Which we are receiving from Thy boun-
 teous hand;
 For the peaceful vales that we are now
 possessing,
 And the streams of water flowing
 through the land.

Bless the faithful leaders who are placed
above us, [will;
As they kindly teach us here to do Thy
Bless our friends and parents who so
dearly love us,
Help us all our duties rightly to fulfill.

HYMN 25.

Lord, accept our true devotion,
Let Thy Spirit whisper peace;
Swell our hearts with fond emotion,
And our joy in Thee increase.
Never leave us, never leave us,
Help us, Lord, to win the race;

Aid us all to do Thy bidding,
And our daily wants supply;
Give Thy Holy Spirit's guiding,
Till we reach the goal on high.
Ever guard us, ever guard us,
Till we gain the victory.

May we with the future dawning,
Day by day from sin be free,

That on resurrection morning
 We may rise at peace with Thee;
 Ever praising, ever praising,
 Throughout all eternity.

HYMN 26.

Come, children, let us join and sing
 Sweet praises to our Heavenly King,
 And thank Him for our glorious birth,
 Midst light and truth upon the earth.

We live amid the realms of day,
 When gospel light has spread its ray,
 And truth divine, down from above,
 Has come to fill the earth with love.

How great should be our joy and love
 To Him who's spoken from above
 And blest us with the light of truth
 To guide us through the path of youth!

O may we ever worthy prove
 To share His goodness and His love,
 And still from sin and ill be free
 Through time and all eternity.

HYMN 27.

Come, dear children, join and sing
Praises to our Heavenly King
For his care and tender love
And all blessings from above.

CHORUS:

Come, Come, Come,
Come, dear children, join and sing
Praises to our Heavenly King.

Let praises then our tongues employ,
For all the blessings we enjoy;
For the gospel's holy light,
Shining for us, pure and bright.

May we in our youthful days,
Ever walk in wisdom's ways;
Then we'll gain a glorious crown,
When on earth our work is done.

HYMN 28.

Children gladly join and sing,
On this holy day,
To our Father, God and King
Heart-felt tribute pay.

Sweetly tune your cheerful lays,
 Happy hearts and voices raise,
 Gladly to the Savior's praise
 All unite to-day.

On this happy day rejoice
 In the God above,
 Lift to Him a grateful voice
 For His wondrous love.

On this day He rose again,
 Who had suffered grief and pain,
 Who had died that man might gain
 Life, eternal life.

Shout the tidings far and wide,
 Tell from sea to sea,
 How for man the Savior died,
 Died to set us free.

Sing hosannas to His name,
 Praise Him for the gospel plan,
 Now redemption's bought for man,
 Christ hath set us free.

Sing aloud the glad refrain,
 Let the chorus swell,
 Soon the Lord will come again,
 On the earth to dwell.

Praise shall then through earth re-
 sound,
 Love in every heart abound,
 Naught to make afraid be found,
 All will then be well.

HYMN 29.

Children of the Saints of Zion,
 Tune your voices sweet with praise;
 'Tis God's goodness we rely on,
 In His love we trust always.

CHORUS:

Ever singing hallelujah,
 Fill our hearts with love and praise.
 Voices ringing hallelujah,
 Glory to these latter days.

Meek and lowly as our Savior,
 Casting off all pride and wrong;
 Proving by our good behavior,
 To God's children we belong.

May God's blessings e'er attend us!
 Which they will if we do right;
 Pray to Him, His help to send us:
 And, in darkness, give us light.

HYMN 30.

A happy band of children,
All joyous, blithe and free;
With thankful hearts and praises,
O Lord, we come to Thee.
We thank Thee, Lord, for blessings,
So rich beyond compare—
For life, for health and raiment,
And Thy protecting care.

But most of all we thank Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace;
That we may have salvation,
And see Thee face to face.
O Lord, do thou watch o'er us,
And keep us day by day;
And bless Thy church and kingdom,
Thy little servants pray.

HYMN 31.

To Thee, our heavenly Father,
We'll now our voices raise,
Thro' whose eternal mercy,
We live in these last days.

We'll join to sing Thy praises,
 For blessings Thou hast given,
 The blessings of the gospel,
 Which lead from earth to heaven.

The Prophet Joseph brought us
 The truth without alloy;
 The principles he taught us
 Fill humble hearts with joy.

We thank Thee that an angel
 To earth the tidings bore,
 That Thy eternal Priesthood
 Thou did'st again restore.

HYMN 32.

God of our fathers, we come unto Thee;
 Children of those whom Thy truth has
 made free;
 Grant us the joy of Thy presence to-day,
 Never from Thee let us stray!

CHORUS:

Never! Never!
 Never from Thee let us stray,
 Ever! Ever!
 Ever to Thee we will pray!

Grateful for all that Thy bounty imparts,
 Praises we offer with voices and hearts;
 Life of our being and Sun of our day,
 Never from Thee let us stray!

Blest with the gifts of the gospel of peace,
 Dwelling in Zion whose light shall in-
 crease,
 Led by the Priesthood along the bright
 way,
 Never from Thee should we stray!

Strengthened by Thee for the conflict
 with sin,
 Onward we'll press till life's battle we win;
 Then in Thy glory forever we'll stay —
 Never from Thee should we stray!

HYMN 33.

Father, Thy children to Thee now raise
 Glad, grateful songs for Thy love and
 grace —
 For Thy protecting and watchful care

Over Thy Saints, dwelling far and near,
 Grateful to Thee for the gospel light,
 Which with its truth fills us with delight;
 Glad that we've chosen the better part,
 Songs of delight fill each grateful heart.

Thankful to Thee that a pilgrim band
 Brought us to dwell in this favored land;
 Led o'er the deserts and plains by Thee,
 Here to a land of true liberty.

Thankful to Thee for the mountains high,
 The fresh'ning breeze and the clear, blue
 sky;

And for the fields covered o'er with corn,
 Which now our mountain vales adorn.

O may our songs to Thy courts ascend,
 Pleasing to Thee may our voices blend:
 Lead us as Thou hast the faithful led,
 Feed us with knowledge and daily bread;
 Let us not stray from the paths of truth —
 Forgive us the follies and faults of youth.
 Father accept Thou the songs of praise
 Which from our hearts unto Thee we raise.

HYMN 34.

We are children of the kingdom,
Born in Isra'l's cov'nant new;
We rejoice on Zion's mountains,
To our cause may we be true.

Adoration to the Father!

Everlasting King of kings!

Praise to Jesus Christ, the Savior,
For the joy the gospel brings.

God again from heav'n hath spoken,
Nations must His laws obey;
We have peace, the Spirit's token
Of the coming Sabbath day.

Thank the Lord for all His blessings:
Clothes to wear and bread to eat,
For our parents' fond caressings—
We will worship at His feet.

HYMN 35.

Come ye children of the Lord,
Let us sing with one accord;
Let us raise a joyful strain,
To our Lord, who soon will reign

On this earth, when it shall be
Cleansed from all iniquity;
When all men from sin will cease,
And will live in love and peace.

Oh! how joyful it will be,
When our Savior we shall see;
When in splendor He'll descend;
Then all wickedness will end.
Oh! what songs we then will sing
To our Savior, Lord and King;
Oh! what love will then bear sway,
When our fears shall flee away.

All arrayed in spotless white,
We will dwell 'mid truth and light;
We will sing the songs of praise,
We will shout in joyous lays.
Earth shall then be cleansed from sin;
Every living thing therein
Shall in love and beauty dwell;
Then with joy each heart will swell.

HYMN 36.

O Lord, accept our songs of praise,
For light and truth in latter days.
We meet to do Thy service here,
O list! regard our humble prayer.

We hope, O Lord, that we may prove
The worthy objects of Thy love;
Watch o'er us while we thus incline
Our hearts to learning truths divine.

Before we from this meeting go
Do thou a blessing, Lord, bestow,
Accept our gratitude and praise,
And guide us through our future days.

HYMN 37.

O, thou Rock of our salvation,
Jesus, Savior of the world,
In our poor and lowly station
We thy banner have unfurled.

CHORUS:

Gather round the standard bearer,
Gather round in strength of youth,

Every day the prospect's fairer,
While we're battling for the truth.

We a war 'gainst sin are waging,
We're contending for the right,
Every day the battle's raging,
Help us, Lord, to win the fight.

When for all that we've contended,
When the fight of faith we've won,
When the strife and battle's ended
And our labor here is done:

CHORUS:

Then, O! Rock of our salvation,
Jesus, Savior of the world,
Take us from our lowly station,
Let our flag with Thee be furled.

HYMN 38.

Lord, in whom our fathers trust,
Maker of the earth and sea,
Teach us all to know Thy laws,
How we all can follow Thee.

We are helpless if Thy aid
Is not sent us full and free;

Therefore let Thy Spirit flow,
 While we wait to worship Thee.
 We are thirsty for Thy love,
 We are hungry for Thy grace;
 Pour Thy peace upon us now —
 Bless us, ere we leave this place.
 Bless us with the gospel light,
 Guide us in the narrow way,
 Lead us by Thy Spirit, Lord,
 That we may not go astray.

HYMN 39.

Dearest children, God is near you,
 Watching o'er you day and night,
 And delights to own and bless you,
 If you strive to do what's right.
 He will bless you,
 If you put your trust in Him.
 Dearest children, holy angels
 Watch your actions night and day;
 And they keep a faithful record
 Of the good and bad you say.
 Cherish virtue!
 God will bless the pure in heart.

Children, God delights to teach you.

By His Holy Spirit's voice;

Quickly heed its holy promptings,

Day by day you'll then rejoice.

O, prove faithful

To your God and Zion's cause!

HYMN 40.

Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,

Nearer, nearer to Thee;

Ever I'm striving to be

Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!

Trusting, in Thee I confide,

Hoping, in Thee I abide —

Take, O take and cherish me,

Nearer, dear Savior to Thee!

Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,

Nearer, nearer to Thee;

Proved by my trials, I'll be

Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!

Humbly I come to Thee now,

Earnest, I prayerfully bow —

Take, O take and cherish me,

Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
 Nearer, nearer to Thee;
 Let me by holiness be
 Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!
 When all my trials are done,
 When my reward I have won,
 Take, O take and cherish me,
 Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

HYMN 41.

When shall we meet Thee, dear Savior
 above?

When shall we behold Thy face?
 When shall we greet Thee with tokens of
 love.

In that happy, holy place?
 When we have finished our mission
 below,

And on earth we no more roam,
 Will You approve of our work when we
 go

To our glorious future home?

CHORUS:

When shall we meet Thee, dear Savior
above?

When shall we behold Thy face?

When shall we meet Thee with tokens of
love,

In that happy, holy place.

When shall we meet Thee, our Savior and
Lord?

When shall we Thy glory see?

When shall we go to obtain our reward,
And in heaven be crowned with Thee?

When all our labors on earth are complete
And our mortal life is o'er,

When we have gone where our record
we'll meet

On that bright eternal shore.

CHORUS AFTER LAST VERSE:

Then we will meet Thee, dear Savior
above,

Then shall we behold Thy face;

Then we will greet Thee with tokens of
 love,
 In that happy, holy place.

HYMN 42.

When called to the throne of your Lord,
 And judged from the books of to-day,
 What prize shall then be your reward?
 For what do you labor and pray?
 Is there, in the hopes of your heart,
 A hope for the future most dear,
 When called from this life to depart
 And dwell in a holier sphere?

CHORUS:

There's many a crown will await
 The brows of the faithful and true;
 Just think, ere you find it too late,
 If one is awaiting for you.

Improve all the time that is now,
 For then all regrets will be vain;
 Let honor enwreath here your brow;
 Prepare for the boon you would gain.

Life's journey is an hour at best,
 The moments are fleeing so fast;
 Beware, or the Savior's request
 Will find you still sleeping at last!

Remember the course you pursue
 Is surely recorded above,
 That every act you may do
 Is written, "for self," or "for love."
 Oh, then should the balance be found
 "For self," in that day you will see,
 Though blessings of mercy abound,
 No crown for you then there will be!

HYMN 43.

We're marching on to glory,
 We're working for our crown;
 We'll make our armour brighter,
 And never lay it down.
 We're marching, marching homeward,
 To that bright land afar;
 We work for life eternal,
 It is our guiding star.
 Then, day by day we're marching,
 To Heaven we are bound;

Each good act brings us nearer
 That home where we'll be crown'd,
 Then with the ransom'd children
 That throng the starry throne,
 We'll praise our Lord and Savior,
 His pow'r and mercy own.

HYMN 44.

In that bright and holy city,
 In our mansions far above,
 We shall dwell in sweet communion,
 For our Ruler, God, is love.
 In that city bright and fair,
 O, what pleasures we will share!
 Love all around,
 Love all around.

CHORUS :

O, let love abound here too,
 Keep this holy thought in view,
 Let love abound,
 Let love abound.

Not by strife with one another
 Can we onward, upward move,

But by charity most holy
 Do we live this live of love;
 Loving all companions here,
 Holding all as kindred dear,
 Love all around,
 Love all around.

Side by side we grow together,
 Side by side the wheat and tares,
 Let us now before the harvest,
 Act consistent with our prayers;
 Helpful hands extend release,
 Bringing unity and peace —
 Love all around,
 Love all around.

Hopeful, cheerful, kind and loving,
 Smiling often as we meet,
 O, what joy will be our portion!
 Life with loving acts replete;
 That is what the soul desires,
 This is what the Lord requires —
 Love all around,
 Love all around.

HYMN 45.

The day-dawn is breaking,
The world is awaking,
The clouds of night's darkness are fleeing
away.

The world-wide commotion
From ocean to ocean
Now heralds the time of the beautiful
day.

CHORUS:

Beautiful day of peace and rest,
Bright be thy dawn from east to west;
Hail to thine earliest welcome ray,
Beautiful bright millennial day.

In many a temple
The Saints will assemble,
And labor as saviors of dear ones away;
Then happy reunion,
And sweetest communion
We'll have with our friends in the beautiful
day.

Still let us be doing,
 Our lessons reviewing,
 Which God has revealed for our walk in
 His way,
 And then, wond'rous story,
 The Lord in His glory
 Will come in his pow'r in the beautiful
 day.

Then, pure and supernal,
 Our friendship eternal
 With Jesus we'll live and his counsels
 obey.
 Until every nation
 Will join in salvation,
 And worship the Lord of the beautiful
 day.

HYMN 46.

Let Saints rejoice, the night is past,
 The gospel day has dawned at last;
 Soon shall the Sun of righteousness
 With healing wings the nations bless.

CHORUS :

Hail to the coming morning,
 And a future calm and bright!
 Hail to the rosy dawning
 Of the gospel's glorious light!

Let all obey the Lord's command,
 To spread the truth in every land,
 Till all who dwell in error's night
 Shall learn of Him and dwell in light.

Redeemed to God each land shall be,
 And every island of the sea,
 All nations learn to know the Lord,
 And live obedient to His word.

O speed the years and bring that day
 When sorrow shall be done away:
 When in the Savior's peaceful reign
 Earth shall her long lost Eden gain.

HYMN 47.

Oh how lovely was the morning!
 Radiant beam'd the sun above,
 Bees were humming, sweet birds singing,
 Music ringing thro' the grove;

When within the shady woodland,
 Joseph sought the God of love,
 Humbly kneeling, sweet appealing,
 'Twas the boy's first uttered prayer;
 When the powers of sin assailing
 Filled his soul with deep despair;
 But undaunted still, he trusted
 In his Heavenly Father's care.

Suddenly a light descended,
 Brighter far than noonday sun,
 And a shining glorious pillar
 O'er him fell, around him shone,
 While appeared two heavenly Beings,
 God the Father and the Son,
 "Joseph, this is my beloved;
 Hear him!" Oh how sweet the word!
 Joseph's humble prayer was answered,
 And he listened to the Lord.
 Oh, what rapture filled his bosom,
 For he saw the living God.

HYMN 48.

Tradition and error in battle array;
 The children of Zion prepare for the fray,

Jehovah's their strength and their buck-
ler and shield;
They're onward to conquer or die on the
field.

CHORUS:

Join in the song, come and join in the
song,
Up with the standard and boldly march
on;
Then upward and onward with banners
unfurl'd,
For truth, it shall triumph and conquer
the world.

Then let us press onward; hold fast to the
end,
While battling for truth we have God for
our friend;
The triumph of truth is the theme of our
song,
As onward and upward we're marching
along.

From the east to the west shall God's
 kingdom extend,
 Meet in every land a true brother and
 friend;
 Then Satan his power will no more retain,
 When Jesus in triumph on earth comes
 to reign.

The sea shall roll back to its place in the
 north,
 The ten tribes of Israel with joy will come
 forth;
 Then God will restore Enoch's city of old,
 And Abraham's children shall meet in
 one fold.

HYMN 49.

Hope of Israel, Zion's army,
 Children of the promised day,
 See the chieftain signals onward,
 And the battle's in array.

CHORUS:

Hope of Israel, rise in might,
 With the sword of truth and right;

Sound the war-cry—“ Watch and pray ”—
Vanquish ev'ry foe to-day.

See the foe in countless numbers
Marshalled in the ranks of sin;
Hope of Israel, on to battle,
Now the vict'ry we must win.

Strike for Zion, down with error,
Flash the sword above the foe;
Every stroke disarms a foeman,
Every step we conquering go.

Soon the battle will be over,
Every foe of truth be down:
Onward, onward, youth of Zion,
Thy reward the victor's crown.

HYMN 50.

Let us all press on in the work of the
Lord,
That when life is o'er we may gain a
reward,
In the fight for right let us wield a sword,
The mighty sword of truth.

CHORUS:

Fear not, though the enemy deride,
 Courage, for the Lord is on our side;
 We will heed not what the wicked may
 say,
 But the Lord alone we will obey.

We will not retreat though our numbers
 be few
 When compared with the opposite host in
 view;
 But an unseen power will aid me and you
 In the glorious cause of truth.

If we do what's right we have no need to
 fear,
 For the Lord, our Helper, will ever be
 near;
 In the days of trial His Saints He will
 cheer,
 And prosper the cause of truth.

HYMN 51.

Tis sweet to mingle voices
 Where God's Spirit prompts the strain;

When each glad heart can say Amen,
Our worship's not in vain.

Then let us now, with one accord,
Unite in sacred song,
To call by faith upon the Lord,
That He our joys prolong.

Yea, may His Spirit deign to meet
And prompt each action here,
That we may all each other greet,
And his great name revere.

HYMN 52.

Let the Holy Spirit's promptings
Be your daily, constant guide;
Let its peaceful heavenly influence
Ever in your heart abide:
It will lead in duty's pathway,
And will never let you stray:
It will keep you from all danger,
And from ev'ry evil way.

Let the Holy Spirit guard your
Every act, and word, and thought;

Never make a single effort
 Till the Spirit's aid you've sought,
 Cherish it as your companion;
 Heed its sweet and still, small voice;
 If you listen to its dictates,
 Then through life you will rejoice.

Do not grieve the Holy Spirit,
 Or it will not with you stay,
 But that it may dwell within you,
 To your Heavenly Father pray.
 Ask in faith and he will answer,
 And will bless you from above;
 He will send His Holy Spirit,
 Which will fill your soul with love.

HYMN 53.

As swiftly my days go out on the wing,
 As onward my bark drifts over the sea,
 O Father in heaven, this song will I sing:
 The Rock of my refuge is Thee,
 The Rock of my refuge is Thee.
 Rock of my refuge so sure;
 Rock of my refuge so strong;

O hide me therein from danger and sin,
While here I am singing my song.

Dark shadows may come with many a
sting;

Stern trials in life my portion may be:
Yet, Father in heaven, this song will I
sing:

The Rock of my refuge is Thee.

The Rock of my refuge is Thee.

Till angels of light my summons shall
bring,

Till upward with joy my spirit shall flee,
O Father in heaven, this song will I sing:

The Rock of my refuge is Thee.

The Rock of my refuge is Thee.

HYMN 54.

When dark'ning clouds the skies o'ercast,
And tempests threaten to o'erwhelm,
When hope for earthly help is past,
Remember God is at the helm.

CHORUS:

Then dry your tears, break forth in song,
Nor groan beneath the chast'ning rod,

Though tempests wild their threats prolong,

Look up and put your trust in God.

Though sorrow deep may wound the soul,
And pangs of anguish chill the heart,
Death's hand may blight thy fondest hopes,

Yet God to thee can aid impart.

Remember that in mercy oft

He chastens those He loveth most,

That they may learn to look aloft

And trust in Him, the Lord of Hosts.

HYMN 55.

When dark and drear the skies appear,
And doubt and dread would thee
enthrall,

Look up, nor fear the day is near,
And providence is over all.

From heav'n above, His light and love,
God giveth freely when we call.

Our utmost need is oft decreed.
And providence is over all.

With jealous zeal God guards our weal,
 And lifts our wayward thoughts above;
 When storms assail life's bark so frail,
 We seek the haven of His love.
 And when our eyes transcend the skies,
 His gracious purpose is complete;
 No more the night distracts our sight—
 The clouds are all beneath our feet.

The direst woe that mortals know,
 Can ne'er the honest heart appal,
 Who holds this trust — that God is just,
 And providence is over all.
 Should foes increase to mar our peace,
 Frustrated all their plans shall fall.
 Our utmost need is oft decreed,
 And providence is over all.

HYMN 56.

Beautiful mountains, valleys fair;
 Zion, thou art beyond compare!
 Beautiful here the Priesthood guides,
 Beautiful here the Lord provides.
 Beautiful Sabbath school I love,
 There is instruction from above

{All thro' the Priesthood's channel given,)
How we may fit ourselves for heav'n.

Beautiful teachings—source of joy,
Riches that time can ne'er destroy;
Beautiful is the iron rod,
Leading us back unto our God.

HYMN 57.

Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light.
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.

Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, Zion, city of our God.

Beautiful heaven, where all is light:
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire;
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Savior's feet.

Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, Zion, city of our God.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conq'rors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there:
Thither I press with eager feet —
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion. Zion, city of our God.

HYMN 58.

In our lovely Deseret,
Where the Saints of God have met,
There's a multitude of children all around,
They are generous and brave—
They have precious souls to save,
They must listen and obey the gospel's
sound.

CHORUS:

Hark, hark, hark, 'tis children's music —
Children's voices, O, how sweet.

When in innocence and love,
Like the angels up above,
They with happy hearts and cheerful
faces meet.

That the children may live long,
And be beautiful and strong,
Tea and coffee and tobacco they despise,
Drink no liquor, and they eat
But a very little meat;
They are seeking to be great and good
and wise.

They should be instructed young,
How to watch and guard the tongue;
And their tempers train, and evil passions
bind.

They should always be polite,
And treat everybody right,
And in every place be affable and kind.

They must not forget to pray,
Night and morning every day,
For the Lord to keep them safe from
every ill,

And assist them to do right,
 That with all their mind and might,
 They may love Him, and may learn to do
 His will.

HYMN 59.

As children of Zion our voices we'll raise
 In songs of rejoicing, thanksgiving and
 praise;

We're happy and free,
 As mortals can be,
 And Zion, Zion, Zion is growing,
 Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.

In song, shall our Father and God be
 adored,

For He hath in mercy the gospel restored;
 And we, in our youth,
 Can vouch for its truth,

For Zion, Zion, Zion is growing,
 Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.

We hope to prove faithful to God and
 His laws,

And aid the advancement of Zion's great
 cause;

For therein is joy,
 Which none can destroy;
 Thus Zion, Zion, Zion is growing,
 Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.

All praise to our Father, His priesthood
 and power,
 And thanks for His blessings He on us
 doth shower:
 Whereby we progress,
 As onward we press,
 While Zion, Zion, Zion is growing,
 Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.

HYMN 60.

In the chambers of the mountains,
 Are a noble, mighty band,
 Gath'ring strength from crystal fountains,
 Flowing through a chosen land.
 Land of Zion,
 Land of Zion,
 Where the holy temples stand.

Hosts of children here are growing,
 In these mountain vales so fair,
 And their voices gently flowing,
 Echo sweetly here and there.

Children's voices,
 Children's voices,
 Breathing music everywhere.

Let us teach these precious children,
 Every precept to obey,
 That will tend to peace and union,
 In that better, safer way.
 Ever praying,
 Ever praying,
 Lest their little feet should stray.

Onward! be the watchword ever,
 Persevere in doing right;
 Never falter, children, never!
 And you're sure to win the fight.
 Courage, children!
 Courage, children!
 See! the goal is just in sight.

HYMN 61.

Blest are the children who delight
In truth and peace and love;
Who never quarrel, scold or fight,
But ever try to do what's right —
Are harmless as the dove.

Blest are the children who obey
God's pure and holy laws;
Who pray to Him by night and day,
And never any bad words say,
But love His sacred cause.

Blest are the children who obey
Their parents' every word;
Who ne'er in evil habits stray;
To counsel strict attention pay —
Love Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Blest are the children who are found
Attending Sunday schools,
Who never miss the whole year round,
Who love the gospel's glorious sound,
And follow all its rules.

HYMN 62.

Let us all be good and kind,
Honest and true;
And the path of duty mind
And keep in view;
Never heed the world's foul sin,
Never take a part therein;
Seek eternal lives to win.
This we should do.

Let us seek unto the Lord
Without delay;
Seek Him now with one accord,
While yet we may;
Seek to learn His holy will,
All our duties to fulfill,
Never yield a point until
We gain the day.

If our days are spent on earth
Unto the Lord,
God will surely bring us forth
To our reward;

In the mansions fair above,
 In a land of light and love,
 Where all things in order move,
 For us prepared.

HYMN 63.

We're heirs unto the priesthood,
 For in it we were born;
 By naught but vilest actions
 Can we be of it shorn.
 We're of the fold of Jesus,
 His precious lambs are we;
 And if we are pure-hearted,
 His face we soon shall see.

CHORUS:

We're heirs unto the priesthood,
 For in it we were born:
 By naught but vilest actions
 Can we be of it shorn.

O, what are earthly treasures,
 To th' priesthood's noble powers?
 If we're but true and faithful,
 Its gifts and keys are ours.

In praises of Jehovah
 Our voices we'll employ,
 For all the precious blessings
 That we from Him enjoy.

HYMN 64.

To Nephi, seer of olden time,
 A vision came from God,
 Where, in the holy word sublime,
 Was shown an iron rod.

CHORUS:

Hold to the rod, the iron rod,
 'Tis strong and bright and true;
 The iron rod is the word of God,
 'Twill safely guide us through.

While on our journey here below,
 Beneath temptation's power,
 Through mists of darkness we must go,
 In peril every hour.

And when temptation's power is nigh,
 Our pathway clouded o'er,
 Upon the rod we can rely,
 And heaven's aid implore.

And, hand o'er hand, the rod along,
 Through each succeeding day,
 With earnest prayer and hopeful song,
 We'll still pursue our way.

Afar we see the golden rest
 To which the rod will guide,
 Where, with the angels, bright and
 blest,
 Forever we'll abide.

HYMN 65.

We want to see the temple
 With towers rising high,
 Its spires majestic pointing
 Unto the clear blue sky.

CHORUS:

A house where Saints may gather,
 And richest blessings gain,
 Where Jesus, our Redeemer,
 A dwelling may obtain.

We want to meet the Savior,
 And see Him face to face,
 When He shall come in glory
 Unto that holy place.

If we are true and faithful,
 We'll hear our Savior's voice—
 Receive a Father's blessing,
 And in His love rejoice.

HYMN 66.

That the Lord will provide,
 Is a promise that's giv'n;
 Ye faithful and true,
 'Tis a promise to you!
 So in meekness confide,
 And look upward to heav'n;
 The Lord is our Father,
 The Lord will provide.

How the Lord will provide
 From the store-house of heaven,
 We know not alway,
 But yet will we pray;
 For we're never denied,
 When in poverty driven,
 We ask for our Father,
 The Lord to provide.

What the Lord will provide
 When He aids us from heaven,
 Not always we know;
 When in poverty low
 He oft has supplied,
 When we bravely have striven;
 In wisdom our Father,
 The Lord, will provide.

When the Lord will provide
 From his store-house in heaven,
 Just when He will aid,
 He never has said;
 Oft soon He's complied,
 And oft waited and proven,
 But always our Father,
 The Lord, will provide.

HYMN 67.

We'll bless our God for daily bread,
 And all the bounties earth has spread:
 And for the bright, prolific ray
 Emitted by the king of day.

CHORUS :

Our life was made for happiness,
And not for sorrow and distress.

We'll bless Him for the boon of health,
'That mine of richest, sweetest wealth.
And ne'er forget, whene'er we bend,
To thank Him for the faithful friend.

We'll bless Him, no historic page
Enrolled our names in former age,
But that we live in days so bright,
Emblazoned by the gospel light.

Revealed by Joseph firm and true,
By Brigham and by Heber too;
And Brother Taylor's honor'd name,
Has on our hearts as warm a claim.

God bless this people everywhere —
His Spirit may they ever share,
And then they'll know, by day and night,
What e'er betide them, all is right.

HYMN 68.

When Jesus shall come in His glory,
Along with the angels so bright,
May I have my record before me,
As clear as the beautiful light.

Then quickly I'll be
Translated and free
To join in the beautiful throng;
And welcome my Lord,
My Savior adored,
My King whom I've worshiped so long.

For this is the promise that's given —
I know that the promise is true:
My Savior will come here from heaven,
And I His bright coming will view.

The clouds will unfold
In crimson and gold,
The canopy gorgeous become;
And Saints will arise
To meet in the skies,
And welcome their King to His home.

A heavenly chorus there ringing,
 Shall welcome the Saints as they rise,
 And join in the rapturous singing,
 While melody floats o'er the skies.

What greetings will be,
 What glory I'll see!
 My soul is ecstatic at this:
 To know if I seek
 To keep myself meek
 I'll live and partake of this bliss.

O, then, let me live to be worthy
 To meet my dear Savior and Lord!
 To change from this body so earthy,
 To one with divinity stored.

With Him I adore
 To dwell evermore,
 Where sorrow and sighing's unknown,
 And there to behold
 The beautiful fold
 Of angels and Saints round His throne.

HYMN 69.

The kings of the earth have desired this
day,
And prophets have told in the lands far
away,
The last dispensation should gather in
one
All good things in heaven with those
'neath the sun.

CHORUS:

O Israel is onward and upward in aim;
The Zion of God is increasing in fame;
The world is amazed but the Saints are
yet free,
For triumph is based on Jehovah's decree.

The gospel is preached as a witness once
more,
The kingdom of heaven is nigh at the
door;
Here gathered, as seen by the prophets of
old,
The scattered of Israel all into one fold.

The valleys of Ephraim are filling with
 youth,
 Whose greatest devotion and love is for
 truth;
 They're helping to build up the kingdom
 of God,
 And spreading the gospel in nations
 abroad.

Praise God, O ye lands, let His Saints
 swell the strain,
 Till peace and good will universally reign;
 When this will be done on the earth as
 above,
 All nations shall bask in the sunshine of
 love.

HYMN 70.

If in the days of Abraham
 Jehovah's power was shown,
 What wisdom hath the great "I Am"
 In latter days made known!

What marvelous works are taking place,
According to His word!
What gifts of love, what hallowed grace,
Are on His Saints conferred!

The richest gems of heavenly truth
Are faith's own sweet reward;
Visions and dreams both age and youth
Enjoy and praise the Lord—
The Lord who deigns to loose the tongue
Untaught, that dare not lie;
And youths and maidens, meek and young,
Speak forth and prophesy.

The patriarchal law restored
Gives us a future view
Of good that will on us be poured,
And on our children, too,
Then to the Lord, the Great "I Am,"
Let ceaseless praise ascend;
We in the God of Abraham
Do also find a friend.

HYMN 71.

Hear the voice of the angels! 'tis echoed
on earth,
In the grand congregation and round
about home,
'Tis a voice soft and earnest, no frivolous
mirth
Enters into its message, or e'er bids it
roam!

CHORUS:

Prepare ye the way, for the day dawn is
nigh,
King Jesus is coming again from the sky!

'Tis the voice of the Spirit, all lands are
in fear,
And in silent foreboding they look for
the day,
Yes, "The day of the Lord" which is
now very near
And its preceding messenger no hand
can stay!

'Tis the voice of the prophets who, ages
ago,

Were enwrapt in the visions of God as
they wrote;

And they saw that the image would melt
like the snow,

As the little stone rolled, and the giant
it smote.

'Tis the voice of the Saints, who exult-
ingly sing,

As from all lands they gather, God's
Zion to build,

All the hillsides and mountains re-echo
and ring,

And with shouts of the ransomed the
valleys are filled.

HYMN 72.

The happy time is nigh at hand
When Christ the Lord shall come again,
Over the world, to take command,
And King of kings triumphant reign.

All eyes shall see and know the Lord,
 Bow every knee before His throne;
 The wicked tremble at his word,
 And all mankind His kingdom own.

And Saints shall in His presence dwell
 A thousand years — O blissful thought!
 With love shall every bosom swell,
 With joy shall every hour be fraught.

Angels and men His praise shall sing,
 The host of heaven their tribute pay,
 Through heaven and earth hosannahs
 ring
 Throughout a glad millennial day.

HYMN 73.

Truth is mighty and will win
 Ev'ry vict'ry over sin;
 Though the day may seem delayed,
 Ye who have the truth obeyed
 Wait awhile and you shall see—
 Truth will gain the victory.

Truth is mighty! who can stay
 Its progressive march to-day?
 Bonds and fetters man may bind,
 Who can chain the human mind?
 Who its bondage shall proclaim,
 Causing darkness to remain?

Puny man may raise his arm
 Truth's embattlements to storm.
 But the shaft by error sent
 Ever falleth impotent;
 Soon a wondering world will see
 Scorned truth shall victor be.

HYMN 74.

Father and God our lives inspire
 To do Thy holy will,
 And may it be our chief desire
 To serve and praise Thee still.

In days gone by we've proven Thee,
 As only those can do
 Who love Thy name and bend the knee
 With purpose pure and true.

Oh, may we seek as Thou hast said,
 Thy kingdom first to know,
 And test Thy promises, as made,
 To all Thy Saints below.

Grant us, O God, we humbly pray,
 A meek, resigning will,
 That we may all Thy laws obey,
 And righteousness fulfill.

HYMN 75.

Kind and loving Father,
 Our petition hear,
 Help us all to serve Thee
 And Thy name revere;
 Bless us now with wisdom,
 Feed us with the truth,
 In the path of duty,
 Lead us in our youth.

We are weak and sinful,
 Tempted every hour,
 We can only conquer
 Aided by Thy power:

When we lose Thy Spirit,
All is dark as night;
Thou alone canst save us,
Keep us in the light.

Keep our hearts before thee
From all evil free,
All our thoughts and actions,
Holiness to Thee;
Make our bodies temples
For thy Spirit pure,
Let us ever faithful
To the end endure.

HYMN 76.

In the work of the Lord there is pleasure
to gain
That the world cannot take if the truth
we maintain:

There's the priesthood to guide, and the
 great iron rod,
 That will lead us all back to our Father
 and God.

CHORUS:

Rolling onward, ever onward,
 This kingdom's ever onward,
 Till every power's conquered
 And Jesus here shall reign.

In the work of the Lord is our sweetest
 employ,
 In the work of the Lord there is freedom
 and joy;
 If we work with a will, toiling steady and
 hard,
 Then a crown of great glory will be our
 reward.

In the work of the Lord holy angels
 delight,
 While the Saints strive to help it along
 with their might;

And in doing God's will they find
 pleasures that last,
 And the future brings no vain regrets for
 the past.

HYMN 77.

We're a num'rous band throughout
 Utah's fair land,
 And we live in the midst of the moun-
 tains;
 We are learning the truth in the days of
 our youth,
 As it flows from its heaven'ly mountains.
 Tho' scorn may be hurled by the vile of
 the world,
 While they pander to popular clamor,
 God's laws we revere as sacred and dear,
 While virtue's inscribed on our banner.

CHORUS:

We're Zion's recruits, and we'll show by
 our fruits
 That the knowledge of God is extend-
 ing.

Our motto is right, and we'll ever
delight

In the faith of our father's defending.

Our birthright appears among prophets
and seers,

Whom we honor with much veneration,
To the rich and the poor they have
opened the door

Of salvation in this generation;
Their acts and their lives in heaven's
archives

Will remain while eternity's roll ing.
Our praises and songs with ten thousand
tongues

Shall join with the angels extolling.

Jehovah's our friend and He will defend
Our cause, by His power displaying;
In Him we will trust, while down to the
dust

Earthly empires are slowly decaying.
We'll welcome the day when justice shall
sway

Her sceptre o'er every nation;
 When error shall wane, and the righteous
 will reign
 With Jesus on this fair creation.

HYMN 78.

O, holy words of truth and love
 We hear from day to day,
 Revealed to Saints from God above,
 To guide in heaven's way.

CHORUS:

Beautiful words of love,
 Coming from God above;
 How sweet, how dear the words we hear;
 They're beautiful words of love.

They're from apostles good and true,
 Whose names we all revere,
 Who daily teach us what to do
 In words of love and cheer.

They're from the prophets God inspires,
 In counsels oft withstood,
 Reproving all our ill desires,
 Commending all that's good.

And from each chosen one that speaks
 By aid the Spirit gives,
 For every sphere of life it seeks
 For every one that lives.

As gems of wisdom pure and bright,
 That glow with lustrous ray,
 We'll seek to gain these words of light
 Their counsels to obey.

HYMN 79.

Thy people when oppressed, O Lord,
 Still hope and trust in Thee,
 For Thou hast pledged Thy faithful word
 Their safeguard still to be.
 And tho' the threatening clouds may
 low'r,
 And darkness shroud the earth,

They know there is a coming hour—
 An endless day of mirth
 Awaiting all the Saints of God
 Who bore the persecutor's rod.

They then shall see the glorious sun
 Again in splendor rise;
 They'll be all those who lived and won
 The Saints' immortal prize.
 The meek, the loving and the just,
 The righteous and the pure,
 Who put in God their only trust
 For patience to endure;
 These shall enjoy through endless years
 Rewards for losses, blood and tears.

HYMN 80.

O Lord, protect our leaders true,
 In every trial guard them through
 By Thine almighty hand.
 E'er keep them from the hands of those
 Who dare Thy mighty work oppose—
 Thy mandates to withstand.

Grant that on earth they long may live,
To guide Thy Saints and counsel give.

O speed the glorious day
When persecution aye shall cease,
And naught shall mar Thy servants'
peace;

Thy chosen people pray.

While exiled for a righteous cause—
Obedience to Thy sacred laws—

Protect these noble men,
Until the raging storm is o'er,
And they in peace return once more
And meet with us again.

HYMN 81.

'Tis sweet to sing the matchless love
Of Him who left His home above
And came to earth — O, wondrous plan—
To suffer, bleed and die for man!

CHORUS:

'Twas Jesus died on Calvary,
That all thro' Him might ransomed be,

Then sing hosannas to His name:
 Let Heaven and earth His love proclaim.

'Tis good to meet each Sabbath day,
 And in his own appointed way,
 Partake the emblems of His death,
 And thus renew our love and faith.

Oh, happy hour! communion sweet!
 When children, friends, and teachers
 meet,
 And in remembrance of His grace,
 Unite in sweetest song of praise.

HYMN 82.

In remembrance of Thy suffering,
 Lord, these emblems we partake,
 When Thyself Thou gav'st an offering—
 Dying for the sinner's sake.
 We've forgiven as Thou biddest
 All who've trespassed against us,
 Lord forgive as we've forgiven
 All Thou seest amiss in us.

Purify our hearts, our Savior,
 Let us go not far astray,
 That we may be counted worthy
 Of Thy Spirit, day by day,
 When temptations are before us,
 Give us strength to overcome;
 Always guard us in our wand'rings,
 Till we leave our earthly home.

When Thou comest in Thy glory
 To this earth to rule and reign,
 And with faithful ones partakest
 Of the bread and wine again,
 May we be among the number
 Worthy to surround the board,
 And partake anew the emblems
 Of the suff'rings of our Lord.

HYMN 83.

While of these emblems we partake,
 In Jesus' name and for His sake,
 Let us remember and be sure
 Our hearts and hands are clean and pure.

For us the blood of Christ was shed,
 For us on Calvary's cross He bled,
 And thus dispelled the awful gloom,
 That else were this creation's doom,

Man broke the law of his estate,
 And Jesus came to expiate,
 Atone and rescue fallen man,
 According to Jehovah's plan.

The law was broken, Jesus died
 That justice might be satisfied,
 That man might not remain the slave
 Of death, of hell, or of the grave;

But rise triumphant from the tomb,
 And in eternal splendor bloom;
 Freed from the power of death and pain,
 With Christ the Lord to rule and reign.

HYMN 84.

For our devotions Father, we
 Invoke Thy Spirit us to aid;
 From worldly tho'ts, O set us free,
 To trust the promise Jesus made:

“ When in my name but two or three
Shall meet, I there will surely be.”

In Sabbath hours what peace, what rest,
What food, what life dost Thou im-
part!

One day in seven—of days the best—

This order shows how wise Thou art.
Oh precious boon, when Saints can meet
As one around the mercy seat!

Pass to each one the broken bread,
Give each the cup, a token true;
Disciples by the priesthood led
In the true gospel, old, yet new.
What strength in cov'nants so renewed,
And with the Spirit's life imbued!

And when the word comes clothed in
power,

Truth gives its sure, unerring sound.
Comes there a more refreshing shower
In all of duty's sacred round?
From benediction, Saints retire,
And hearts are warmed by new desire!

HYMN 85.

Little ones, the Savior loves you;
For He died that you might live:
Would you feel that He approves you?
Heed the words His servants give.
Come to Sabbath school each Sunday,
Come with wise and pure intent;
And remember this is one day
Saints may take the sacrament.

While you eat and drink, tis fitness
In your little hearts to pray;
For this token is a witness
That you will the Lord obey;
Pray to Him, and He will hear you
And His Spirit will be lent,
And good angels will be near you
While you take the sacrament.

Little children, love the Savior!
For He died that you might live;
Lay aside all rude behavior,
And He will your faults forgive:

Fear no harsh, no unkind sentence,
 Mercy sweet from heav'n is sent;
 Come with faith and true repentance,
 And partake the sacrament.

HYMN 86.

Come, children, join with me and sing
 The praises of our Savior King,
 Who for mankind was crucified —
 To save a sinful world He died.

From heaven He came to show the way,
 That children might not go astray;
 He preached the only plan to save
 Mankind from an eternal grave.

He was baptized in Jordan's flood,
 With power he preached the word of God,
 He told us how to keep God's day—
 In holiness to sing and pray.

A charge He gave unto His Saints,
 Whene'er they met without complaints,
 To eat the bread and drink the wine—
 An ordinance that is divine.

He soon will meet His Saints again,
 A thousand years on earth to reign;
 O, then will heavenly strains resound!
 And Satan and his host be bound.

HYMN 87.

'Tis Sabbath day, and Sabbath school,
 And happy children gather there,
 To honor God's eternal rule
 Of Sabbath rest from worldly care.

And when they meet they drink the cup
 And eat the broken bread again,
 In memory of One lifted up—
 A Savior once on Calv'ry slain.

Until He comes to earth again,
 As King among His Saints to dwell,
 These shall this sacred rite maintain,
 'Gainst all His foes of earth or hell.

He is our Lord, our Savior He,
 And we His gospel will revere;
 So shall we claim His love, and be
 True subjects of His kingdom here.

HYMN 88.

Little children, love the Savior,
Learn to do His holy will;
He is whisp'ring to you ever,
Sacred duties to fulfill.
Jesus said, Love one another,
And forgive each other, too.
Then, as sister, or as brother,
Let us wisdom's course pursue.

Meek and humble like the Master,
To the Father we will pray,
That our footsteps may not falter
In the straight and narrow way.
We are learning to be useful,
In life's lessons day by day;
Honest, upright, gentle, truthful,
Treading wisdom's pleasant way.

Honor father, honor mother;
These are precepts Jesus taught;
And with kindness to each other,
May our actions all be fraught.

We must seek for heav'nly favor,
 In the path our Savior trod;
 Bravely wrestle with endeavor,
 Holding fast the "iron rod."

HYMN 89.

I'll strive while young to tune my voice,
 To songs of praise and love,
 The theme, of which I'll make a choice,
 Shall be my God above.

He gives His children here below
 A thousand blessings rare,
 Each passing day and hour doth show
 His loving, tender care.

He loves each little, harmless child,
 The poor and lowly heart;
 And e'en the soul with sin defiled,
 Repenting hath a part.

O, Father, good and full of grace,
 Tune Thou my heart and voice,
 That I may ever chant Thy praise,
 And in Thy love rejoice.

HYMN 90.

Children, do you love each other?

Are you always kind and true?

Do you always do to others

As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?

Are you careful day by day,

Not to give offense by actions,

Or by any thing you say?

Little children, love each other,

Never give another pain;

If your brother speaks in anger

Answer not in wrath again;

Be not selfish to each other,

Never mar another's rest;

Strive to make each other happy

And you will yourselves be blest.

HYMN 91.

We are the children of the Saints

Of these the latter days,

When God again has caused to shine

Truth's bright effulgent rays.

His kingdom He is building up,
 To bear unbounded sway,
 That Zion may appear in all its glory.

CHORUS:

Hurrah, hurrah, we'll help the work
 along,
 Hurrah, hurrah, we'll help the work
 along,
 'Tis expected that the children will per-
 form a noble part,
 In rolling on the kingdom in its glory.

How bright have been parental hopes
 About what we shall do,
 In rolling on Jehovah's work,
 And helping put it through.
 We'll stem the tide of wickedness,
 That deluges the world,
 That Zion may appear in all its glory.

We'll prepare to meet the Savior,
 When He comes to earth again,
 To wield the power of government
 And o'er the nations reign;

We'll cleanse and purify our hearts,
 That we may with Him be,
 When Zion is redeemed in all its glory.

HYMN 92.

There is a precious jewel,
 Of worth and beauty rare;
 And one that's not too costly
 For every one to wear.

Of all the golden treasures
 Which kings and princes boast,
 This single lovely jewel
 Is worth by far the most.

Inward, as well as outward,
 This jewel must be hung;
 And when the lips are open,
 Should ornament the tongue.

Its name — can no one guess it —
 This prize for age and youth?
 I'll tell you: can you speak it?
 It is not hard — 'tis Truth.

HYMN 93.

We are the bees of Deseret,
The busy, busy, cheerful little bees,
Gath'ring what honey we can get
From all the flowers blooming on the
trees,
Trying to fill our little hives
With every good that we can gather
round;
Wisdom and truth, eternal lives,
These are the priceless treasures we
have found.

CHORUS:

Workers are we, no idlers here
Shall live among our busy happy band;
We gather honey all the year,
And plenty can be found on every hand.

Like other bees we love to sing,
Our voices ever sounding sweet and
clear,
And all the valleys often ring
With happy cheerful songs we love so
dear.

We still will labor with our might,
 While yet 'tis day, to gather wisdom
 strive,
 Then when the night comes we'll have
 light,
 Eternal light to shine within our hive.

HYMN 94.

Come along, come along, is the call that
 will win,
 To lead us to virtue, and keep us from sin;
 Most men can be led, but few can be
 driv'n,
 In shunning perdition and striving for
 heav'n.

CHORUS:

Come along, come along, is the call that
 will win,
 In leading to virtue, and keeping from sin.

Come to me, come to me, sweetly falls on
 the ear.
 The word of the Lord, full of comfort and
 cheer,

To bind up the broken, the captive set
 free
 In the good time that's coming, we hope
 soon to see.

Let us govern by kindness and never by
 force,
 All cheering and bright like the sun in its
 course;
 Obedience will spring from each heart
 with a bound,
 And brotherhood flourish the wide world
 around.

HYMN 95.

Gently now, angry brow
 We should never, never see;
 Hold most dear brothers here,
 Let no anger be.
 Gentle tones of loving hearts,
 Sorrow heals and joy imparts;
 Love and live to forgive
 Ev'ry one most free.

Friendship keep, harvest reap
 Of the sweeter joys above,
 We shall find, if we mind
 Heaven's words of love.
 Let no evil thoughts accrue,
 See what gentle words will do,
 Love and live to forgive
 Gentle as the dove.

HYMN 96.

Welcome to our Union meeting,
 Zion's teachers — guides of youth;
 *Raise aloud the joyful greeting,
 Hail to all who love the truth.
 Love and kindness all possessing,
 This shall be an hour of blessing.

Oh, how glorious is our mission,
 To direct the youthful mind!
 In this great and high ambition,
 Sweetest blessings do we find.
 In this noble cause progressing,
 God will add to us His blessing.

Parents, teachers, here we gather,
 Seeking wisdom from on high,
 Trusting in our Heavenly Father
 Who will grant us rich supply.
 And His Spirit all possessing,
 'Tis an hour of sweetest blessing.

Welcome then to join our Union,
 All who love to serve the Lord;
 Welcome to the sweet communion,
 That our meeting doth afford.
 Love and kindness all possessing,
 We'll secure a Father's blessing.

HYMN 97.

The tide of time is ebbing low,
 The wheels of change roll fast;
 Hark! the heralds of salvation blow
 The gospel trump's loud blast;
 Our God, the source of life and love,
 To earth His care extends—
 Reveals the law the hosts above
 In holy union blends.

CHORUS:

Awake, awake, let the nations hear
 Jehovah's firm decree,
 To abolish sin and usher in
 The world's great Jubilee.

Immortal garlands crown the day
 On which the brave men of God,
 Who pioneer'd the desert way,
 First in this valley trod.
 From here, the "little stone" will roll—
 "The kingdom" spread abroad,
 Till peace shall reign from pole to pole,
 And all acknowledge God.

The "iron horse" and "lightning wires"
 Their mutual powers combine;
 And man's vile wrath, o'erruled, con-
 spires

To aid the great design.
 O'er mountain tops swell high the
 strain—

To every land proclaim,
 The voice of God is heard again;
 Shout, glory to His name.

HYMN 98.

O Lord accept our Jubilee,
 And from all care let us be free,
 To pray, to sing and to be taught
 Thy ways, O Lord, e'en as we ought.

Let Thy good Spirit on us rest,
 That one and all may thus be blest;
 Unite our hearts with one accord,
 To comprehend Thy will, O Lord.

Our Sunday Schools may they become
 The crowning pride of old and young!
 And all find out the better way,
 For this and more we all will pray.

HYMN 99.

We once more meet on this glad day,
 Our song of praise to sing,
 For we have found the better way
 To serve our God and King.

CHORUS:

Oh! come to the Jubilee,
 Oh! come to the Jubilee,
 For this it is our hearts rejoice
 On this our Jubilee.

Now let us all with one accord
 Unite in songs of praise,
 To thank the Lord for His glad word
 In these the latter days.

With parents, teachers, we rejoice
 To learn the ways of love,
 That we can sing with heart and voice,
 And praise our God above.

HYMN 100.

With hearts sincere, we now meet here,
 Our voices sweetly blending
 In strains of love, to God above.
 For mercies never ending.

CHORUS.

Holy, holy, holy, great and mighty King
 of Zion,

We'll join in song,
 Both sweet and strong,
 And praise the King of Zion.

Our song shall be, this Jubilee,
 God bless the youth of Zion;
 And haste the day His priesthood may
 Our needed help rely on.

Our Sunday schools, where golden rules
 From books of inspiration,
 Prepare the youth to preach the truth
 To each benighted nation.

A nurs'ry may they ever be
 For Zion's future teachers,
 A noble band at God's command—
 A band of earnest preachers.

HYMN 101.

This day, O Lord, we celebrate
 Our look'd for Jubilee;
 May we with joy each other greet,
 And give all praise to Thee.

CHORUS:

All hail to the Jubilee,
 All hail to the Jubilee,
 May we with joy each other greet,
 And give all praise to Thee.

Oh, may this happy Jubilee
 Long in our hearts remain;
 And when to men and women grown
 Still praise Thy holy name.

Father of all our hopes and joys,
 May we from sin be free;
 And in the resurrection morn
 Join the grand Jubilee.

HYMN 102.

Old and young are here assembled
 Who attend the Sabbath school;
 Let the young to-day remember
 That good order is the rule.
 Cheerful hearts and happy faces,
 One and all look blithe and gay;
 We have met to sing God's praises,
 On this gladsome festal day.

CHORUS:

Listen to our cheerful voices; •
 Parents, teachers, join our song.
 We'll unite in singing praises
 That will please the heavenly throng.
 Listen! Listen! Oh, Listen!

We're the children of the kingdom,
 And we love the ways of truth.
 We will grow in truth and virtue,
 Being taught thus from our youth.

Then, dear playmates let's be happy,
 In the cause of doing right,
 And we'll gain a crown of glory,
 That will shine both pure and bright.

Let us each and all endeavor
 To obey the laws of God,
 Love our teachers, love each other,
 And escape the chastening rod:
 Then we'll grow good men and women,
 And will bless the happy day,
 That the Sabbath school we 'tended,
 And were taught to watch and pray

HYMN 103.

Accept the tribute of our hearts,
 O Lord, in praise to Thee,
 Fill'd with the joy Thy grace imparts,
 On this our Jubilee.

We ask Thee, Father, now to bless
 Our friends, who kindly strive
 To teach the way of happiness,
 The gospel truths to live.

That in that glorious Jubilee,
 When Christ our King shall reign;
 We all may meet Him gloriously,
 And sing in nobler strain.



HYMN 104.

All hail my Sabbath schoolmates upon
 this festive day.
 We all have met in union, with spirits
 blithe and gay;
 Our teachers well have train'd us with
 diligence and zeal,
 In doctrines and in duties, how happy we
 all feel.

CHORUS:

All hail my Sabbath schoolmates upon
 this festive day,
 We all have met in union with spirits
 blithe and gay.

With thanks we do remember the time
 we've spent in school;
 Our gratitude we render, our happiness
 is full.

We pray that we may ever the ways of
 life pursue;
 From truth may we ne'er sever, and keep
 the prize in view.



Let those who are now strangers to all the
 joys we feel
 Enroll themselves as members and strive
 for Zion's weal.
 Withhold not your assistance, your help
 we surely need;
 O, make no more excuses, and Heaven
 will bless the deed.

HYMN 105.

O, what songs of the heart
 We shall sing all the day,
 When again we assemble at home;
 When we meet ne'er to part,
 With the blest o'er the way,

There no more from our loved ones to
roam!

When we meet ne'er to part,
O, what songs of the heart
We shall sing in our beautiful home.

Though our rapture and bliss
There's no song can express;
We will shout, we will sing o'er and o'er
As we greet with a kiss,
And with joy we caress
All our loved ones that pass'd on before.
As we greet with a kiss,
In our rapture and bliss,
All our loved ones that passed on before.

O, the visions we'll see
In that home of the blest,
There's no words, there's no thoughts can
impart;
But our rapture will be
All the souls can attest
In the heavenly songs of the heart.

But our rapture will be
 In the visions we'll see
 Best expressed in the songs of the heart.

O, what songs we shall sing,
 As with angels of light,
 In triumphant procession we move,
 While our harps sweetly ring
 Through the city so bright,
 When we meet with our Savior above.
 While our harps sweetly ring
 O, what songs we shall sing
 As we meet with our Savior above!

O, what songs we'll employ!
 O, what welcomes we'll hear!
 While our transports of love are complete;
 As the heart swells with joy
 In embraces most dear,
 When our heavenly Parents we meet.
 As the heart swells with joy,
 O, what songs we'll employ,
 When our heavenly Parents we meet!

HYMN 106.

Let us oft speak kind words to each other,
At home or where'er we may be,
Like the warblings of birds on the heather,
The tones will be welcome and free;
They'll gladden the heart that's repining,
Give courage and hope from above,
And, where the dark clouds hide the shining,
Let in the bright sunlight of love.

CHORUS:

O, the kind words we give,
Shall in memory live,
And sunshine forever impart;
Let us oft speak kind words to each other,
Kind words are sweet tones of the heart.

Like the sunbeams of morn on the mountains,
The soul they awake to good cheer;
Like the murmur of cool, pleasant fountains,

They fall in sweet cadences near.
 Let's oft, then, in kindly-toned voices,
 Our mutual friendship renew,
 Till heart meets with heart and rejoices
 In friendship that ever is true.

HYMN 107.

Let us treat each other kindly.
 We are friends united here;
 Not in ignorance, nor blindly,
 But by sacred ties most dear.
 Love will own no cold suspicion,
 Golden sunshine it imparts,
 And its holy, pure ambition,
 Is to cheer and gladden hearts.

CHORUS:

Let us treat each other kindly,
 We are friends united here,
 Not in ignorance, nor blindly,
 But in sacred ties most dear.

Let us truly trust each other,
 We are only mortals weak,
 Oft in need of friend or brother,
 Gen'rously to act or speak.
 Pass not silently and coldly
 O'er a wrong we might amend,
 But speak earnestly and boldly,
 Truth and justice to defend.

Charity's fair beacon lifted,
 Scatters rays of light for all—
 Erring, weak, or good and gifted,
 High or lowly, great or small;
 Let us also strive completely,
 Hasty judgments to withdraw;
 Let us trust each other sweetly,
 And let love fulfill its law.

HYMN 108.

While passing through this earthly life,
 How can we best avoid the strife,
 And find the richest treasures?

How can we brush the thorns away,
Yet keep the roses fresh and gay,
 With all their sweets and pleasures!

By firm resolve of heart and mind
To be obedient and kind
 To father and to mother,
By gaining wisdom in our youth,
And clinging always to the truth,
 And loving one another.

How shall we prove that we are right
While in deceiving some delight,
 And seek to bring us trouble?
How tell to all the world we know
That God's own work will live and grow,
 Though evil forces double?

We must not flinch, we must not boast,
But of our chances make the most—
 All foolish pride we'll smother;
And truth will triumph in the test,
And we shall prove our way the best
 By loving one another.

And when we've passed the narrow way
 Into the bright, eternal day,

Each sister and each brother
 May tell how valiantly we stood
 And gained our place among the good,
 By loving one another.

HYMN 109.

At home or abroad, or while climbing the
 steep;

On land, or when rocked in the treacher-
 ous deep;

When pampered with plenty, or smitten
 with woe;

Whether praised by a friend, or despised
 by a foe;

Elated with hope or oppressed with dark
 dread;

When laden with joy, or when pleasure
 hath fled;

In the sunlight of truth from all shadows
 set free,

I'm happy—the children are praying for
 me.

CHORUS:

The children are praying, are praying for
 me,
 The children are praying, are praying for
 me;
 In the sunlight of truth, from all shadows
 set free,
 I'm happy, the children are praying for
 me.

A herald of truth among strangers I
 roam;
 When absent, in mem'ry held sacred at
 home;
 By others, if slighted, neglected, forgot,
 By brothers or sisters remembered or not,
 In sunshine or shower, in darkness or
 light,
 I must battle along with unwavering
 might;
 The body may faint, but my spirit is free,
 For innocent children are praying for me.

Old hopes may be buried, but new ones
 appear,
 Tho' the steep path of duty be thorny and
 drear;
 Let storms beat around me protected I
 tread,
 For the angel of peace tells me onward
 I'm led;
 Let the mission of life undishonored be
 through;
 At the sunset of time the sweet evening
 is due,
 When the heart shall stop beating and life
 cease to be,
 United, the children are praying for me.

HYMN 110.

Since life is full of toil and care,
 And joys are gained through sorrow,
 We'll dry the tear, no more despair,
 But gladly wait the morrow.

CHORUS:

Then since this life is full of care,
 And joys are gained through sorrow,
 We'll dry the tear, no more despair,
 But gladly wait the morrow.

The sky may seem both dark and drear,
 The clouds hang thick around us,
 But see, the sun breaks forth to clear
 The gloom that doth surround us.

If o'er each trial we should mourn,
 Where would we seek for pleasure?
 In every trial are blessings born—
 Each sorrow brings a treasure.

HYMN 111.

How soon youth's flower of beauty fades,
 When life's springtime is past!
 The vernal bloom of childhood gay
 Doth but a moment last.
 Each gentle ray of morning light
 That beams upon one's face,
 And outward marks of loveliness
 Grim care may soon erase;

CHORUS:

But there is a lasting beauty,
 One that never should depart:
 It's the sweetest charm of nature,
 'Tis a cheerful, loving heart.

The fiery glance from sparkling eyes
 With age grows dim and cold,
 And footsteps once so light and free
 Will totter when one's old;
 The winning smile of innocence
 Of youthtide's sunny day,
 Each grace of form and feature rare,
 All, all may pass away.

HYMN 112.

We are watchers, earnest watchers,
 For the coming better day,
 By prophets oft foreshadowed
 Mid old Israel far away;
 Their beacon fires were lighted by
 The true, the living flame,
 God's Spirit prompted ev'ry one
 The future to proclaim.

CHORUS:

We are workers, earnest workers,
And 'tis in a cause we love,
Onward, upward is our movement,
For 'tis led by God above.

We are working, bravely working,
That the truth we may declare,
As many bands, yet one in heart,
We try to do and dare;
And heaven hath blessed our efforts—
Hear o'er all this favored land
That union is the key-note,
Struck by each unflinching hand.

We are looking, calmly looking
For a glorious future near,
For triumph and the victor's wreath,
For each brave worker here.
Our God is ruling over all,
His priesthood points the way,
And Sabbath schools in union move,
To greet the coming day.

HYMN 113.

Should the changes of life, like the tide's
ebb and flow,

Be ceaseless and varied in form,
And the frail bark of life in a moment
forego

Its reck'ning amidst the dark storm,
Stand firm to the helm and close furl each
sail,

While the tempest sweeps over the
main:

There is hope in the wind, tho' destruc-
tive the gale,

'Twill calm, and we'll try it again,
again,

'Twill calm and we'll try it again.

There ne'er was a valley but hill-tops ap-
pear—

Nor a storm that's not spent to a calm;
Nor a pain without pleasure, a hope with-
out fear,

Nor a wound but has always a balm!

When the clouds of adversity gather
 around,
 And our friends turn their backs in dis-
 dain,
 Though the world should conspire all
 hopes to confound,
 Let us up and go try it again, again!
 Let us up and go try it again!

The fears of sad parting, the pangs of re-
 gret,
 The sighs of fond hope, or dull care,
 Are feelings implanted to make us respect
 The death-sting of hopeless despair!
 Yes, the tear-drop of sorrow may darken
 the eye,
 Like the sunbeams obscured by the rain,
 But the clouds will disperse over hope's
 gloomy sky,
 And cheer up our prospects again,
 again!
 And cheer up our prospects again!

Then why do we shrink, though the
chances of fate.

Are mingled in life's bitter cup!

'Tis a mixture designed by kind Heaven
to elate,

And strengthen us ne'er to give up.

Then come weal, or come woe, let what-
ever betide.

Let us run, for the prize we'll obtain;
Though the race may be lost by the
swiftest who ride,

Let us up and go try it again! again!

Let us up and go try it again!

HYMN 114.

Improve the shining moments,

Don't let them pass you by,

Work while the sun is radiant,

Work for the night draws nigh.

We cannot bid the sunbeams

To lengthen out their stay,

Nor can we ask the shadow

To ever stay away.

Time flies on wings of lightning,
We cannot call it back;
It comes, then passes forward
Along its onward track;
And if we are not mindful
The chances will fade away;
For life is quick in passing—
'Tis as a single day.

As winter time doth follow
The pleasant summer days,
Our hopes and joys may vanish,
And pass far from our gaze.
Then should we not endeavor
Each day some point to gain,
That we may here be useful,
And every wrong disdain.

Improve each shining moment,
In this you are secure,
For promptness bringeth safety
And blessings rich and pure.

Let prudence guide your actions,
 Be honest in your heart,
 And God will love and bless you,
 And help to you impart.

HYMN 115.

To-day while the sun shines, work with a
 will,
 To-day all your duties with patience fulfill;
 To-day while the birds sing, harbor no
 care,
 Call life a good gift, call the world fair.

CHORUS:

To-day, to-day work with a will,
 To-day, to-day your duties fulfill;
 To-day, to-day work while you may,
 There is no to-morrow, but only to-day.

To-day seek the treasure, better than gold,
 The peace and the joy that are found in
 the fold;
 To-day seek the gems that shine in the
 heart;
 While here we labor choose the good part.

To-day seek for goodness, virtue and
 truth,
 As the crown of your life and the grace of
 your youth;
 To-day while the heart beats, live to be
 true,
 Constant and faithful all the day through.

HYMN 116.

We are sowing, daily sowing,
 Countless seeds of good or ill,
 Scattered on the level lowland,
 Cast upon the windy hill;
 Seeds that sink in rich, brown furrows,
 Soft with heaven's gracious rain;
 Seeds that rest upon the surface
 Of the dry, unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
 Of the lonely mountain glen;
 Seeds cast out in crowded places,
 Trodden under foot of men;

Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
 Flung at random on the air;
 Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
 Sown in tears, and love, and prayer.

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
 Lifeless on the teeming mold;
 Seeds that live, and grow, and flourish
 When the sower's hand is cold:
 By a whisper sow we blessings,
 By a breath we scatter strife;
 In our words, and looks, and actions
 Lie the seeds of death and life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
 Leave us not to sow alone!
 Bid thine angels guard the furrows
 Where the precious grain is sown;
 Till the fields are crowned with glory,
 Filled with mellow, ripened ears,
 Filled with fruit of life eternal
 From the seed we sowed in tears.

Check the froward thoughts and passions,
Stay the hasty, heedless hands,
Lest the germs of sin and sorrow
Mar our fair and pleasant lands.
Father, help each weak endeavor,
Make each faithful effort blest,
Till the harvest shall be garnered,
And we enter into rest.

HYMN 117.

The opening buds of spring time,
When birds so sweetly sing,
Invite our tuneful voices
To praise the mighty King.
Expanded flowers in summer,
With fruits and fields of grain,
Call for our hearts' thanksgiving
In music's joyous strain.

Life's full of grace and blessings
From out His liberal hand,
Then praise Jehovah ever,
Ye Saints in every land.

The autumn's varied colors,
The garnered gifts of heaven,
Proclaim that for His bounty
Our praises should be given.

When winter spreads his mantle
Of snowy crystals rare,
Our gratitude we render
For God's protecting care.
Life's full of grace and blessing
From out His lib'ral hand,
Then praise Jehovah ever,
Ye Saints in every land.

HYMN 118.

Verdant spring and rosy summer,
Golden autumn, all are past;
O'er the face of nature frowning,
Lonely winter comes at last;
Yet he brings us many pleasures,
Many scenes of festive cheer;
Now with joy our hearts are glowing
While we hail the bright new year.

Sliding, skating, laughing, shouting,
 Down the rugged hill we go;
 Hark! the sleigh bells gaily pealing
 O'er the white and downy snow!
 Can we think the winter dreary,
 When such merry tones we hear?
 Now the cup of pleasure sparkles,
 While we hail the bright new year.

Though the forest shades are silent,
 And the birds have flown away,
 We can warble sweetest music,
 We can sing as light as they.
 Happy season, happy greeting,
 Friends and kindred far and near,
 Take our best and kindest wishes,
 While we hail the bright new year.

HYMN 119.

There is beauty in the merry, merry
 spring time,
 There is beauty in the leaves upon the
 ground;

There is beauty in the frost and snow of
winter;

There is charming beauty all around.

There is beauty in the rapid flowing river,
There is beauty in the gushing, sparkling
rill;

There is beauty in the grand and lofty
mountains,

There is beauty on the verdant hill.

There is beauty in the starry skies of
evening,

There is beauty in the pleasant noonday
bright;

There is beauty in a radiant summer
morning,

There is beauty in the silent night.

There is beauty in the music of the song-
birds,

There is beauty in the lambkins at their
play;

Still more beautiful the sound of child-
ren's voices

In praise to God each Sabbath day.

HYMN 120.

Merry, merry children, sweetly sing
Of the happy days that the seasons bring:
Each in its robes doth gaily appear,
The hearts of the children to comfort and
cheer.

CHORUS:

Merry, merry children, sweetly sing
Of the happy days that the seasons bring.

Merry, merry children, gently pray
That the happy times, which are passing
away,
Long in your lives may linger and shine,
As gems of bright lustre and radiance
divine.

Merry, merry children, soon the spring
With her pretty buds, and her birds that
sing,
Clad now in verdure, must change her
array
And then she will grow into bright sum-
mer day.

Merry, merry children, summer's heat
 Follows ever after the spring so sweet;
 Autumn with sheaves of bright yellow
 grain
 Doth herald the coming of winter again.

HYMN 121.

Beautiful mountain home,
 The beacon star
 For Saints afar,
 From every land they come,
 To dwell in the vales
 Where virtue prevails,
 In our beautiful mountain home.

Beautiful mountain home,
 Where love is found
 And joys abound,
 What Saint from thee would roam!
 The world may despise,
 But dearly we prize
 Our beautiful mountain home.

Beautiful mountain home,
 The seers of old
 Thy growth foretold,
 And soon thy light shall come;
 Here dwelling in peace
 God's people increase
 In our beautiful mountain home.

Beautiful mountain home,
 Where God is feared,
 And temples reared
 To which the Lord will come;
 And soon o'er the earth
 The law shall go forth
 From our beautiful mountain home.

HYMN 122.

O happy homes among the hills,
 Where flow a thousand crystal rills;
 Surrounded by grand mountains high,
 Whose snow-clad summits reach the
 sky,
 My heart enraptur'd with the sight,
 Cries to the heavens with delight

CHORUS:

God bless and guard our mountain home,
 God bless our mountain home.

Fanned by the cool, soft mountain air,
 The valleys teem with beauties rare;
 And flowers deck the hills and plains,
 Refreshed by spring and autumn rains;
 Each nook contains a city fair,
 Filled with warm hearts who breath the
 prayer,

May no intruding hostile band
 E'er desecrate our beauteous land,
 Nor war's alarms disturb the rest
 And peace with which our homes are
 blest;
 While generations swell the throng
 Of happy hearts to sing the song.

HYMN 123.

Our mountain home so dear,
 Where crystal waters clear
 Flow ever free,
 While thro' the valleys wide,

The flowers on ev'ry side,
Blooming in stately pride,
Are fair to see.

We'll roam the verdant hills,
And by the sparkling rills
Pluck the wild flowers;
The fragrance on the air,
The landscape bright and fair,
And sunshine everywhere,
Make pleasant hours.

In sylvan depth and shade,
In forest and in glade,
Where'er we pass,
The hand of God we see,
In leaf, and bud, and tree,
Or bird, or humming bee,
Or blade of grass.

The streamlet, flower and sod
Bespeak the works of God,
And all combine
With most exquisite grace,

His handiwork to trace,
Through nature's smiling face,
In art divine.

HYMN 124.

Grand and noble, nature's bulwarks,
Stand the lofty mountains round,
And within the pleasant valleys
Peace and plenty do abound.
Here is Zion—land of promise—
Where the Saints of God abide;
And the desert, once so barren,
Blossoms now on every side.

CHORUS:

Peaceful vales where Saints may dwell,
And praise the God of Israel;
While happy children join and sing,
Glory to the Heavenly King.

And the angels of Jehovah
Watch forever on the towers,
That, like sentinels, are stationed
Round this glorious land of ours,

Which the Saints in peace inherit
 As their resting place, foretold,
 Where they gather round the standard,
 And the flag of truth unfold.

As a mighty chorus swelling
 From these valleys, here and there,
 List! ten thousand hearts and voices
 Calling on the Lord in prayer;
 And the song of praise and gladness
 In loud peals of music grand,
 Like an anthem of hosannas,
 Echoes through the chosen land.

HYMN 125.

My blessed, glorious home of peace
 In Utah's pleasant vales!
 While troubles in the world increase,
 Here happiness prevails.
 Here healthful breezes gently sweep
 From grand old canyons, rough and steep,
 And sweet contentment reigns.

CHORUS:

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Let us sing with one accord,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Let us sing with one accord
A joyful song of gratitude,
A joyful song of gratitude
To our redeeming Lord.

Here pines and cedars crown the hills,
And stores of purest snow
Descend in bubbling crystal rills,
To gladden all below;
To make the cultivated soil
Reward the lab'rer for his toil,
And plenty spread around.

And better yet, far grander still,
While all outside is night,
Jehovah here, reveals His will
And blesses us with light,
To guide us in the narrow way
That leads to full celestial day,
And everlasting joy.

HYMN 126.

Thy pleasant vales, dear Utah,
How dear are they to me!
Thy homes 'mid trees secluded
Are beautiful to see.
Thy dear Associations,
Are by the children sought,
For they are schools of learning,
Where purity is taught.

CHORUS:

Thy pleasant vales, dear Utah,
How dear they are to me!
Thy homes 'mid trees secluded,
Are beautiful to see.

Thy mountain peaks, dear Utah,
Are lovely to my sight;
The beauties of thy canyons
Are sources of delight;
Thy fields of grain and pasture
Rich sustenance doth yield,
And in thy rocky bosom
Rich treasures lie concealed.

Thy fruitful lands, dear Utah,
 Were living streams now flow,
 Where naught but desolation
 A little while ago;
 Thy solitudes were haunted
 By prowling wolf and bear,
 The deer once roamed at pleasure
 Where now are cities fair.

Though thou wert then so dreary,
 Yet with what joyful tears
 That exile band beheld thee;
 Those noble pioneers!
 With eye of faith they saw thee
 Rise from thy dreamy rest;
 Thy barren lands to verdure,
 Thy homes which God hast blest.

HYMN 127.

We hail thee, lovely Deseret,
 Thou art our chosen home,
 To thee our hearts will ever turn,
 If from thee we should roam.

All peoples and all nations
Thy glory yet shall see—
Time soon will bring that happy day
When thou wilt be made free.

CHORUS:

All peoples and all nations
Thy glory yet shall see—
Time soon will bring that happy day
When thou wilt be made free.

We love thee, favored Deseret,
Though all the world despise,
For millions yet will sing thy praise
And laud thee to the skies.
When laws unjust are ended,
And tyranny shall cease,
Prosperity will favor thee,
And bring thee joy and peace.

Now pray we for our Deseret,
That she may ever be
Pure, happy, blest and prosperous,
From bondage ever free.

Who blesseth her, is blessed,
 So peace be in her walls,
 And joy in all her cottages,
 Her temples and her halls.

HYMN 128.

O lovely, lovely Deseret,
 Thou ensign to the world;
 Thy fame is spreading far and wide,
 Thy banner is unfurled;
 And many thousands soon shall come
 To see thee from afar;
 Thou highly favored spot of earth.
 Columbia's fairest star.

CHORUS:

Columbia's fairest star, fairest star,
 Columbia's fairest star, fairest star,
 Rise in thy might;
 Shed forth thy light,
 Columbia's fairest star.

O lovely, lovely Deseret,
 Home of the righteous free;
 Asylum for the pure in heart,
 Our fond hopes cling to thee.

And many good truth-loving hearts
 Pray for thee from afar:
 Blest home of Saints, abode of peace,
 Columbia's fairest star.

O lovely, lovely Deseret,
 Thy blessings shall increase;
 And while o'er earth, God's judgments
 pass,
 Thou shalt be blest with peace.
 Thy living oracles divine
 Shall spread thy light afar;
 And all shall own thee then to be
 Columbia's fairest star.

HYMN 129.

They may sing of their shady, fragrant
 bowers,
 And of palaces so beautiful and grand;
 And of gardens filled with sweetly scented
 flowers,
 Far away in some distant foreign land;
 But I know of a pretty little cottage,
 Dearer far to me than any palace dome,

And my heart's fondest tho'ts are ever
twining

Round this little cot, my own dear
mountain home.

CHORUS:

My mountain home, sweet mountain
home,

Among thy hills I love to roam;
Where little brooklets gaily foam—
O yes, I love my mountain home.

There are hearts in that little cot so
humble,

That are worth more than all the world
beside;

And a heavenly peace seems hov'ring all
around it,

In its little nook close by the mountain
side;

And if ever I should leave the home I
cherish,

And in foreign lands it be my fate to
roam,

Yet my heart and my memory must
perish,
Ere I cease to love my own dear moun-
tain home.

HYMN 130.

The youth of each land for their father-
land stand,
And boast of its grandeur with pride;
Whate'er their estate, their fortunes or
fate,
To none is this freedom denied;
Then why should not we, young, happy
and free,
Rejoice in the land we love best?
For our Father, so kind, our lot has
assigned
In Utah the Queen of the west.

The bold mountains rise, and point to the
skies,
Like sentinels round our abode;
And vales calm and sweet, repose at their
feet—
Fit home for the people of God.

From those cold, bleak forms, fit dwell-
ings for storms,

Flow crystalline streams God has blest;
Rich harvests have smiled in the desert
once wild,
In Utah, the Queen of the west.

The poor and oppressed, in this land of
the west,

Find plenty, and freedom, and joy;
Though the wicked may sneer, to us thou
art dear,

Our love for thee none can destroy.
The gospel's pure worth, to all here on
earth,

Is taught and the lowly rejoice;
From Babylon they flee to this land of
the free—
To Utah, the land of their choice.

Thy sisters, first born, who tauntingly
scorn,

Shall joy to do honor to thee;
With each coming hour thy glory shall
tower,

Till the nations thy beauty shall see,
 Thy triumph is nigh, oppression shall die,
 For thee there is freedom and rest;
 The years as they fleet shall bless our
 retreat
 With peace in this land of the west.

HYMN 131.

Hail to the night when erst on Judah's
 plain,
 A glittering host proclaimed a Savior
 come;
 Not in the gorgeous pomp of kingly train,
 But meekly to this world of sin and
 gloom:
 Not in Thy dread omnipotent array,
 No indignation burned before Thee on
 Thy way.

For thou was born of woman meek and
 mild.
 And in the manger rude was laid to
 rest;
 Earth had no place for Thee, O Heavenly
 Child,

Though earth by Thee alone was truly
blest.

Angels, not men proclaimed Thy mission
here

And yet for man alone Thou shedst
Thine every tear.

For man alone was every sorrow borne,
Hunger and thirst and weariness and
pain,

For man alone Thy sacred flesh was torn,
That sinful man might bliss eternal
gain,

Awhile the world grew dark for what was
done,

Then basked in sweet repose beneath a
cloudless sun.

No clouds of vengeance lowered when in
Thy tomb

Thy weeping followers laid Thee, Holy
One,

Soon camest Thou forth fresh in immortal
bloom,

Angelic servants rolled away the stone.
 Thy work accomplished slowly didst Thou
 rise
 Calmly majestic, Godlike to Thy native
 skies.

HYMN 132.

They were an exile band,
 Without a home to rest,
 But, guided by a Father's hand,
 Their wand'rings have been blest.
 Forsaken by their friends,
 Despised and scorned by foes,
 They sought the aid the Highest sends,
 And in His strength arose.

O'er wide and lonely plains,
 Past dark Missouri's tide,
 Our fathers sought a home, where they
 Might aye in peace abide;
 Where each should have the right,
 In peace to worship God,
 Uninfluenced by the pomp of pride,
 Unawed by tyrants' rod.

Amidst these mountains wild,
 O, can we e'er forget?
 They made this desert land to bloom;
 The vales of Deseret,
 Far from the scenes of vice,
 Beyond their foe's domain,
 They made this mountain land their
 choice,
 Let us their rights maintain.

HYMN 133.

O, if for me the cup you fill,
 Then fill it from the gushing rill,
 With water, water, sparkling bright,
 As clear as truth and free as light.

CHORUS:

O, if for me the cup you fill,
 Then fill it from the gushing rill.

Kiss not to me the mantling brim,
 Where dancing bubbles gaily swim,
 For in each ruby crystal round,
 The deadly lurking fiend is found.

Speak not to me of rosy wine,
 Of nectar cups, or draughts divine;
 The taste of bitter tears is there:
 The tears of grief and dark despair.

HYMN 134.

To Thee, O God, we now appeal,
 Against a nation's evil laws;
 Thy power in majesty reveal,
 Protecting all who love Thy cause.

A tyrant foe oppression brings,
 Forbidding us, Thy will to do;
 O Lord, accept our offerings,
 And bare Thine arm to aid us through.

From off Thy Saints O, break the bands,
 Oppressive tyrants bind in hate;
 Their slavish laws, and foul demands,
 Forever now, O Lord, abate.

Our hearts in unison unite,
 In this petition, Lord to Thee;
 Thy Zion now with peace requite,
 And from our foemen make us free,

Obedient to Thy laws divine,
And by Thy Holy Spirit's grace,
Our beings now perfect, refine,
Till we may all behold Thy face.

HYMN 135.

Thou shalt have none other gods but Me;
Before no idol bend thy knee;
Take not the name of God in vain,
Nor dare the Sabbath day profane.

Give both thy parents honor due;
Take heed that thou no murder do;
Abstain from words and deeds unclean,
Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean.

Nor make a wilful lie nor love it;
What is thy neighbor's dare not covet;
With all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbor love.

HYMN 136.

I thank Thee, dear Father in heaven
above,

For Thy goodness and mercy — Thy kindness and love;

I thank Thee for home, friends and parents so dear,

And for ev'ry blessing that I enjoy here.

Bless father, and comfort my dear mother's heart —

To brothers and sisters Thy Spirit impart;
Bless ev'ry good woman and every good man:

Let peace fill the world, thro' the gospel's rich plan.

Help me to be good, kind and gentle to-day,

And mind what my father and mother shall say;

In the dear name of Jesus, so loving and mild,

I ask Thee to bless me and keep me Thy child.

HYMN 137.

O Father, look upon us,
 Here at Thy feet to-day,
 And though our words are feeble,
 Thou know'st what we would say.

Though Thou art in the heavens,
 Thou guardest all below;
 Teach us to learn and follow,
 All that we ought to know.

Teach us to use Thy blessings,
 From stings of conscience free;
 May we be gay and happy,
 Without forgetting Thee.

May we go on improving
 The time that Thou hast given;
 And may we not, O Father,
 E'er lose the way to heaven.

HYMN 138.

I'll serve the Lord while I am young,
 And, in my early days,
 Devote the music of my tongue
 To my Redeemer's praise.

I'll praise His name that He has given
 Me parentage and birth
 Among the most beloved of heaven
 That dwell upon the earth.

○ Lord, my parents here preserve,
 To teach me righteousness,
 That my young feet may never swerve
 From paths of holiness;
 And, like the faithful ones of old
 Who now behold Thy face,
 May I be formed in virtue's mold
 To fill a holy place.

While youth and beauty sweetly twine
 Their garlands round my head,
 I'll seek, at wisdom's sacred shrine,
 The gems that never fade.
 Long may I sing Thy praises here
 Among Thy Saints below,
 And in eternity appear
 With them in glory too.

HYMN 139.

Open the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in,
In from the highways and hedges —
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

CHORUS:

Gather them in, -
Gather them in;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children,
See, they are coming in throngs;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs,
Pray to the Father to bless them,
Pray you that grace may be given;
Open the door for the children,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to truth and to Jesus,
Point them to heaven's bright land;
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

HYMN 140.

Trust the children! Never doubt them,
Build a wall of love about them,
After sowing seeds of duty,
Trust them for the flow'rs of beauty.

Trust the children! Don't suspect them;
Let your confidence direct them:
At the hearth, or in the wild-wood,
Meet them on the plane of childhood.

Trust the little ones! Remember,
May is not like chill December:
Let not words of rage nor madness
Check their happy notes of gladness.

Trust the little ones! yet guide them,
 And above all, ne'er deride them,
 Should they trip or should they blunder,
 Lest you snap love's cord asunder.

Trust the children! Let them treasure
 Mother's faith in boundless measure;
 Father's love in them confiding,
 Then no secrets they'll be hiding.

Trust the children! Just as He did,
 Who for "such" ones sweetly pleaded;
 Trust and guide, but never doubt them;
 Build a wall of love about them.

HYMN 141.

Shout aloud the Jubilee, let it sound o'er
 land and sea;
 We with tuneful hearts and voice, on this
 Sabbath day rejoice.
 We in union meet again, swell the uni-
 versal strain,
 Spread the news, we'll soon be free,
 Shout aloud the Jubilee.

Let us sing with one accord, of the mercies
of our Lord.

He who died to make us free said, "Let
children come to me."

Then we'll join the glad refrain, swell the
universal strain.

Spread the news, we'll soon be free,
Shout aloud the Jubilee.

Let the song of praise abound, let it echo
all around.

Soon from bondage we'll be free, spread
the news o'er land and sea.

Hallelujah! we will sing praises to our
God and King.

Spread the news, we'll soon be free,
Shout aloud the Jubilee.

HYMN 142.

Whatever our station, in all that we do,
We take for our watchword, "Be good and
be true."

With this on our banner we'll ever pre-
vail,

For goodness and truthfulness never can
fail.

CHORUS:

The good, the good, forever we'll stand
by the good and the true.

For this is our motto, in all that we do,
Forever to stand by the good and the
true.

We'll ever be true to all blessings con-
ferred,

And true to instructions so frequently
heard.

May all our thoughts daily be only of
good,

And evil in action be ever withstood.

Our day may be dreary, no sunlight may
shine,

Our way may be weary, our courage de-
cline.

By seeking the pathway of wisdom and
peace

Our darkness will brighten, our courage
increase.

We'll try to be honest in actions and
 thought,
 And truthful in words, as our Savior has
 taught.
 Be true in our friendship, be good to our
 foes,
 Thus life in its ending will happily close.

HYMN 143.

Praise ye the Lord! all ye moorlands and
 mountains.
 Praise Him alone, all ye ever green hills.
 Glory to God! shout the bright flowing
 fountains,
 Till all the earth with your melody fills.
 Woodlands and meadow flowers,
 Bloom of the summer hours,
 Bend to the winds with your anthems of
 praise.
 Sprays of the waterfall,
 Chant ye a coronal,
 Here at the feet of the Ancient of days.

Praise ye the Lord! all ye winds of the
corners.

Up from the glen peal the note of your
song.

Praise Him who cheereth the hearts of
earth's mourners,

Sing to the Lord, in His praise be ye
strong.

Praise Him each bounding wave,

Desert and clift and cave,

Rock and ravine, where shadows are dim,

Wake from your silentness,

Sing to the wilderness.

Praise ye the Lord! pay your homage to
Him.



Sing to Lord, all ye kindreds and na-
tions,

Tribes and dominions that people the
world;

Where'er the sun sheds his glowing car-
nations

There let your standard of praise be un-
furled.

Shout till your songs of love
 Peal through the air above,
 Bearing your lay to the mountains afar;
 Shout till the bending sky,
 Ringing shall send reply
 Back from the farthestmost wandering
 star.

HYMN 144.

It is not in the noisy street that happiness
 is found,
 It is not where the idle meet that purest
 joys abound.
 But where the faithful teachers stand
 with firm but gentle rule—
 Oh, there's the happiest place for me, the
 pleasant Sunday School.

CHORUS:

Come along, come without delay—
 Come from every dwelling on the holy day.
 Our Sunday school is large enough, our
 teachers good and true;
 So come and go along with us, there's
 room enough for you.

We never mind the burning sun, we
 never mind the show'rs,
 We never mind the drifting snow while
 life and health are ours.
 But when the bell begins to throw its wel-
 come on the air,
 In spite of rain or drifting snow you'll
 always find us there.

The stamp that covers manhood's brow is
 made in early years,
 The good or ill we're doing now in future
 life appears;
 And since we wish to do the right and
 mind the Scripture rule,
 We every girl and boy invite to come to
 Sunday School.

HYMN 145.

Oh, we love to sing of Zion,
 Of our happy, mountain home,
 Where God's people dwell in union,
 Where we children love to roam.

Where we live in peace and plenty,
Live in union day by day,
Giving God the praise and glory
As we journey on our way.

Oh, we love to sing of Zion,
Of the land where prophets dwell;
Of the beauties of God's kingdom,
Let our songs and chorus swell.
Let our voices blend together,
In sweet tones of harmony,
Singing praises to our Savior,
Who was slain to make us free.

Oh, we love to sing of Zion,
Love to sing our tuneful lays,
Sing of home, of truth and freedom;
All unite in songs of praise.
Yes, we'll thank our Heavenly Father,
For the homes which He doth give,
And we'll seek to gain His favor
By the lives which we may live.

HYMN 146.

Let our hearts be always cheerful,
Why should murm'ring enter there?
When our kind and loving Father
Makes us children of His care.

CHORUS:

Always cheerful. Always cheerful.
Sunshine all around we see.
Full of beauty, is the path of duty,
Cheerful we may always be.

With His gentle hand to lead us,
Should the powers of sin assail,
He has promised grace to help us;
Never can His promise fail.

When we turn aside from duty
Comes the pain of doing wrong;
And a shadow creeping o'er us
Checks the rapture of our song.

O! the good are always happy,
And their path is ever bright;
Let us heed the blessed counsel,
Shun the wrong and love the right.

HYMN 147.

Will you come and join our army?
Will you fight for God and truth?
Will you come? He calls for soldiers;
Give to Him your early youth.

CHORUS:

Onward, onward, we are marching on,
Onward, onward, shall be all our song;
We are loyal soldiers under Christ's com-
mand,
Ours the gospel banner waving o'er the
land.

We have girded on the armor
Of the holy word of God.
We are marching onward, onward,
In the way the Saints have trod.

'Tis our Lord who is our Captain,
And with Him we cannot fail;
Even when the fight is hottest
And our crafty foes assail.

We shall be at last triumphant —
 We shall wear the victor's crown;
 When, within the holy city,
 We may lay our armor down.

HYMN 148 •

What if a little ray of light,
 Just starting from the sun,
 Should linger in its downward flight?
 Who'd miss the tiny one?
 Perhaps the rose would be less bright
 'Twas sent to shine upon.

What if the rain drop in the sky,
 In listless ease should say,
 I'll not be missed on earth, so I
 Contented here will stay.
 Would not some lily parched and dry
 Less fragrant be to-day?

Tho' I'm a child, it will not do
 An idle life to lead
 Because I'm small, with talents few,
 Of me the Lord has need.
 Some work or calling to pursue
 Or do some humble deed.

I must be active every hour
 And do my Maker's will,
 If but a ray can paint a flower,
 A rain drop swell the rill —
 I know in me there is a power
 Some humble place to fill.

HYMN 149.

Don't think there is nothing for children
 to do
 Because they can't work like a man;
 The harvest is great and the lab'ers are
 few,
 Then, children, do all that you can.

CHORUS:

Children, do all that you can;
 Children, do all that you can;
 The harvest is great and the lab'ers are
 few,
 Then, children, do all that you can.

You think if great riches you had at
 command,
 Your zeal should no weariness know;

You'd scatter your wealth with a liberal
hand,
And succor the children of woe.

But what if you've naught but a penny
to give?

Then give it, though scanty your
store;
For those who give nothing when little
they have,
If wealthy would do little more.

It was not the off'ring of pomp and of
power.

It was not the golden bequest;
Ah, no, 'twas the mite from the hand of
the poor,
That Jesus applauded and blessed.

Then don't be a sluggard and live at your
ease,

And life with vain pleasure beguile;
But be ever active and busy as bees,
And God on your labors will smile.

HYMN 150.

Let strict obedience, children dear,
Through all your actions run,
Be every thought and word sincere,
As bright as yonder sun.
And then, as long as life shall last,
All evil ways decry,
You'll gain, when this short life is passed,
A mansion bright on high.

CHORUS:

Good boys and girls obedience display,
They choose the right, and never deign
To follow an evil way.

Give both your parents honor due,
To teachers show the same,
And keep the holy laws in view,
Try to be free from blame;
Let all your youthful days be pass'd
In battling for the right,
And keep, where'er your lot is cast
A record pure and bright.

The Savior in His youthful days
 Obedience did observe,
 It shone in all His words and ways,
 No power could make Him swerve,
 And, all who wish with Him to reign,
 Who dwell on earth below,
 If they salvation would attain
 Must strict obedience show.

HYMN 151.

To paint the glories of the rising sun,
 My hand is all untaught;
 But I can praise the great and mighty
 One,
 Who hath this splendor wrought.

To cause the seeds I plant to spring and
 leave,
 No pow'r can I bestow;
 But I can water them at morn and eve,
 And help to make them grow.
 To die, and save a world by my poor
 death,
 Is far my strength above;

But I may, with each action and each
breath,

Adore my Savior's love.

May I thus praise, thus help, and thus
adore,

While here on earth I live;

Then, in a higher life, I may do more,

And better worship give.

HYMN 152.

Love truth, love truth in all her bright
array,

Truths that are made to cheer and
swell your heart.

Hope's gayest flowers, strewn along her
way,

Will ever bloom and happiness impart.

Love not, love not the vain things of the
world,

For they will vanish quickly from your
view;

Error and folly down will soon be hurled,

Throw off their charms and heaven will
smile on you.

Love well, love well the widow's cause to
plead,

The ophan shelter, th' poor help gain
life's bread.

Succor the opprest, and be a friend in
need;

Thus you'll call down rich blessings on
your head.

Love those, love those who strive to do
you harm,

And when they smite you, smite not
them again;

Bear and forbear, and trust in God's
strong arm,

Be like your Savior; then with Him
you'll reign.

HYMN 153.

Children, children, raise your voices,

Loud in praise of Israel's God!

For His great and glorious blessings,

And the pure and living word,

Shout hosanna! Shout hosanna!

Let your songs and praise be heard.

When your parents' work is ended,
 And they their departure take,
 Zion's cause must be defended,
 You must follow in their wake.
 Bravely follow, bravely follow;
 Never God and truth forsake.

Shun the path that leads to darkness,
 Love the truth and seek the light;
 You will then enjoy the blessings
 Which are gained by doing right,
 And your pathway, and your path-
 way,
 Will be peaceful, safe and bright.

HYMN 154

Come, let us be happy together,
 For, of all people we have most right;
 And tho' life has its share of rough
 weather,
 We'll try to be happy to night.
 For troubles are never to seek for,
 And sorrows are not hard to find,

Then let us be loving, while onward
 we're moving,
 And ever to others be kind.

CHORUS:

Come let us be happy together,
 For of all people we have most right;
 And tho' life has its share of rough
 weather,
 We'll try to be happy to-night,

In social enjoyment together,
 We have met to be happy to-night.
 And we know that Our Heavenly Father
 Is pleased when his children do right,
 Then let us be governed by wisdom
 In all that we say or we do,
 And if wisdom doth guide us, our Father
 won't chide us,
 But crown us with blessings anew.

We know that Jehovah has spoken,
 And sent the true gospel again,
 And the signs of the times now betoken
 That Jesus will soon come to reign;

With him we'll be happy together,
 On earth, through the great thousand
 years,
 Then let us be steady, be humble, and
 ready,
 And worthy when Jesus appears.

HYMN 155.

Let Saints rejoice, the night is past,
 The gospel day has dawned at last;
 Soon shall the Son of righteousness
 With healing wings the nations bless.

CHORUS:

Hail to the coming morning,
 And a future calm and bright!
 Hail to the rosy dawning
 Of the gospel's glorious light!

Let all obey the Lord's command
 To spread the truth in every land,
 Till all who dwell in error's night
 Shall learn of Him and dwell in light.

Redeemed to God each land shall be,
 And every island of the sea,
 All nations learn to know the Lord
 And live obedient to His word.

HYMN 156.

Lord we ask Thee ere we part,
 Bless the teachings of this day,
 Plant them deep in ev'ry heart,
 That with us they'll ever stay.

In the innocence of youth
 We would all Thy laws fulfill;
 Lead us in the way of truth,
 Give us strength to do Thy will.

Father, merciful and kind,
 While we labor for the right,
 May we in thy service find
 Sweetest pleasure, pure delight.

All our follies, Lord, forgive,
 Keep us from temptations free;
 Help us evermore to live
 Lives of holiness to Thee.

HYMN 157.

Sing we now at parting,
One more strain of praise,
To our Heavenly Father
Sweetest songs we'll raise;
For His loving kindness,
For His tender care,
Let our songs of gladness
Rend this Sabbath air.

Praise Him for His mercy,
Praise Him for His love,
For unnumbered blessings
Praise the Lord above.
Let our happy voices
Still the notes prolong,
One alone is worthy
Of our sweetest song.

Jesus, our Redeemer
Now our praises hear,
While we bow before Thee,
Lend a listening ear.

Save us, Lord, from error,
 Watch us day by day,
 Help us now to serve Thee,
 In a pleasing way.

HYMN 158.

Dismiss us, O Lord, with Thy favor
 and smile;
 Accept of our thanks for Thy mercies
 and love;
 Oh! keep us through life, from all dan-
 ger and guile,
 And crown us Thine heirs in Thy King-
 dom above.

HYMN 159.

Our lessons are over for this Sabbath
 morn;
 And our Heavenly Father, we praise
 The love and the patience, with which
 Thou hast borne
 Our childish and imperfect ways.

Thy sweet, Holy Spirit hath given us
peace;

For Thy mercies we thank Thee again;
Oh! pardon our follies, our wisdom in-
crease;

Be with us forever. Amen.

HYMN 160.

Father, hear us while we pray;
Let Thy truth inspire our hearts,
That we may Thy law obey,
By the help Thy grace imparts.
Bless us through the coming week;
From all evil keep us free;
May we all be pure and meek,
And at last be saved with Thee.

HYMN 161.

When sinks the sun behind the clouds,
And evening shades draw nigh,
When birds are snugly in their nest
And closed the daisy's eye,

Then let us, ere we sink to rest
 In slumbers sweet and sound,
 Lift up our voice in cheerful song,
 For blessings richly found.

The God who gives us all we need—
 Our raiment and our food,
 Our friends who are so dear to us,
 So loving and so good,

Is pleased to hear the songs of praise
 From children's voices sweet;
 And even babes were gathered round
 Our loving Savior's feet.

The birds, in notes both sweet and clear,
 Their joyful offerings raise,
 Then surely children, too, should sing
 Their grateful songs of praise.

HYMN 162.

Good night, good night, good night.
 Good night, kind friends, the hour is late,
 'Tis time for us to part;
 O, may the strains we gaily sing
 Give joy to ev'ry heart.

Good night, good night, good night,
Good night, kind friends, may slumber
sweet

Bring dreams of pure delight:
Until again in joy we meet,
We wish you all good night.

HYMN 163.

We praise Thee, and thank Thee, our
Father and God,
For Thy Son who was slain for our sake;
And that emblems are brought of His
body and blood,
Of which we may humbly partake.
All vain, idle thoughts from our minds
we would chase,
And of Him and His sufferings think;
Oh! help us to know, by the power of
Thy grace,
Why we're eating, and wherefore we
drink!

We know that the Savior was born upon
earth,
That He died all Thy children to save;
And we want to be wise, and consider the
worth,
Of an action so generous and brave.

What courage and meekness and faith
He has shown,
To lay down His life as He did!
His mercy and love we would constantly
own,
And do nothing His teachings forbid.

We know though His body lay low in the
grave,
His Father could raise it on high;
And that if we follow the pattern He
gave,
We shall live again after we die.
We want to be humble and meek as He was
His enemies He could forgive;
We want to remember and keep all His
laws,
That we may eternally live.

HYMN 164.

How great the wisdom and the love
That filled the courts on high,
And sent the Savior from above
To suffer, bleed and die!

His precious blood He freely spilt,
His life He freely gave:
A sinless sacrifice for guilt,
A dying world to save.

Through strict obed'ence Jesus won
The prize with glory rife:
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done,"
Adorn'd His mortal life.

He mark'd the path and led the way,
And every point defines,
To light and life and endless day,
Where God's full presence shines.

How great, how glorious and complete
Redemption's grand design;
Where justice, love and mercy meet
In harmony divine!

In mem'ry of the broken flesh
 We eat the broken bread;
 And witness with the cup afresh,
 Our faith in Christ, our head.

HYMN 165.

As their flocks the sheperds tended
 In the silence of the night,
 Lo from heav'n a vision splendid
 Fill'd Judea's plains with light.

CHORUS:

Oh good tidings! Oh good tidings!
 Oh good tidings of great joy!

And the shepherds saw and feared,
 At the glory thus displayed;
 But the angels who appeared,
 All their doubts and fears allayed.

As by royal proclamation,
 They announced the Savior's birth,
 Israel's hope and consolation,
 The Messiah come to earth.

Brought from heaven by love and pity,
 To redeem our fallen race;
 Born in David's sacred city;
 Cradled in its meanest place.

And while shepherds heard the story,
 Angel choirs took up the strain,
 "Glory in the highest, glory!
 Peace, good-will on earth again!"

HYMN 166.

With wond'ring awe,
 The wise men saw
 The star in heaven springing,
 And with delight,
 In peaceful night,
 They heard the angels singing,
 Hosanna, hosanna,
 Hosanna to His name!

By light of star,
 They traveled far
 To seek the lowly manger;
 A humble bed
 Wherein was laid

The wondrous little stranger.

Hosanna, hosanna,

Hosanna to His name!

And still is found,

The world around,

The old and hallowed story:

And still is found,

In every tongue

The angels' song of glory:

Hosanna, hosanna,

Hosanna to His name!

The heavenly star

Its rays afar

On every land is throwing,

And shall not cease

Till holy peace

In all the earth is glowing.

Hosanna, hosanna,

Hosanna to His name!

HYMN 167.

Oh! the vain glory and wild speculation,
Which we now witness on every hand!
Oh! the dread doom of this proud generation!

Why will they perish! Why not understand?

Keep in the narrow path,
And thus escape the wrath
Which is now sweeping the nations amain;
Stand with the meek and pure,
They only can endure,
And righteous crowns secure,
Jesus shall reign!

Th' trumpets are sounding, th' seals being broken,

The plagues are abroad, of destruction
and dearth;

The wicked repent not, they heed not the token,

And soon they'll be swept from the face
of the earth.

Cease not, ye Saints, to call,
Save, or we perish all!

Help us, our Father, Thy laws to maintain;

Oh! God of truth and light,
 Strengthen us by thy might,
 Thine is the power, the right;
 Jesus shall reign.

Soon will the morn of the first resurrection

Gladden the valleys and brighten the
 waves;
 Parents and children, and friends and
 connection,
 Sweetly embrace as they rise from their
 graves.

Father, our hearts prepare,
 In the great bliss to share,
 More than requiting all sorrow and pain;
 Joyous the anthem then,
 Angels and Saints again,
 Echo the glad Amen!
 Jesus doth reign.

· HYMN 168.

Come, let us join with one accord
Oh this sweet Sabbath day,
Unitedly to praise the Lord
And ever watch and pray.

Grant us, O Lord, Thy saving grace,
Inspire our hearts with love,
Prepare for us a resting place
In realms of light above.

We'll shout hosanna loud and long,
Till heaven's arch shall ring,
With our redemption's sweetest song
Of praise to Christ our King.

HYMN 169.

O our Father we invoke Thee
While we linger here to-day,
Let thy Spirit Lord direct us,
Teach us how to sing and pray.
Let Thy Spirit, let Thy Spirit
Guide us thro' life's devious way.

We would seek Thy sacred presence,
 Through Thy Son's redeeming grace,
 And amid the hosts celestial,
 We would find a resting place,
 Where the righteous, where the righteous,
 Will behold Thy glorious face.

O our Father, let Thy Spirit
 Dwell in every kindred soul,
 All directing, all pervading,
 Bearing most supreme control,
 When Thy gospel, when Thy gospel,
 Shall be preached from pole to pole.

Grant us, Lord, Thy smiles celestial,
 May the bond of union be
 Strengthened by association,
 'Till we all are one in Thee,
 Then in Zion, then in Zion
 With Thy Saints we shall be free.

HYMN 170.

Hear us Heavenly Father while we
 humbly pray,
 Look with loving favor on our school
 to-day,

Let thy Holy Spirit dwell in ev'ry heart,
That we may with wisdom act the better
part.

CHORUS:

From the path of duty let us never stray,
Save us in Thy kingdom, we Thy children
pray.

Bless our superintendent, and our
teachers kind,
That in all their teachings we the truth
may find;
Bless our loving parents who have sent
us here,
May we live to cheer them and their
names revere.

Father bless Thy prophet, and his
counsel, too,
And the twelve apostles guide in all
they do;
Unto all Thy servants who are called to
lead
Give Thy Holy Spirit as each one may
need.

Grant Eternal Father, we may learn Thy
 ways,
 Live unto Thy honor all our earthly days,
 When the battle's ended, when the race
 is run,
 May we be commended with Thy glad
 "well done."

HYMN 171.

Come let us sing a gladsome song,
 To our Redeemer's praise,
 For all the blessings we receive
 In these great latter-days.

CHORUS:

We'll [come, we'll come, we'll come to
 Sunday School,
 We'll try, we'll try to practice every
 rule.

The children in these happy vales,
 Above all others blest,
 Have cause to praise the Lord above,
 And try to serve Him best.

We thank Him for our teachers kind,
For good instruction given,
For gospel light, to guide us right
And lead us back to heaven.

Of all that dwell upon the earth,
None are so blest and free,
And gratitude inclines our hearts,
Our Father, God to Thee.

From every soul, like incense pure,
Our songs of joy shall rise,
Till angels catch the glad refrain
And bear it to the skies.

HYMN 172.

Join with us in sweetest chord,
Sing the praises of the Lord;
Praise unto His holy name,
Ev'ry heart His love proclaim,
Send the news to ev'ry nation,
Show the way unto salvation,
Give to all this invitation,
Join the children of the Lord.

Sound aloud the gospel plan
 Through the earth, where dwelleth man,
 Gather home into the fold
 Honest hearts, both young and old.
 Give them of that richest treasure,
 Joy and peace in boundless measure;
 All our duties do with pleasure;—
 Join the children of the Lord.

Tell the children all abroad
 Of the true and living God,
 Of His mercies, of His love,
 Of His coming from above,
 Of His word by revelation,
 Of His works in all creation;
 Give to all this invitation,
 Join the children of the Lord.

HYMN 173.

Ye children of Zion come sing and
 rejoice,
 With hearts glad and cheerful, with
 sweetness of voice,

For great is your honor, your future is
bright,

The Lord hath revealed true wisdom and
light.

O, lift up your voices and sing loud His
praise,

With true hearts delighted your gratitude
raise

For blessings and mercies abundantly
given.

The Lord is the author who dwelleth in
heaven.

Be faithful and honest and serve Him
to-day,

Your duties to Him you should never
delay,

How great is the glory of those who do
right,

The Lord will exalt them with power and
might.

Be joyful and grateful, His Spirit will
dwell

In each honest heart, and all fear will
dispel.

And lead in the journey that endeth in
rest,
Where happiness truly awaiteth the
blest.

HYMN 174.

Oh, how we love to sing the songs
Of Zion's blest abode!
They cause our hearts to burn with joy,
And help us on the road.
There's comfort in their cheering words,
That warms the strongest heart!
No other songs we hear to-day
Can such delight impart.

Through all the trials of the past,
Through troubles most severe,
In hours of darkest misery
Our songs have been our cheer.
And still we'll join with gladsome voice
To sing, in grateful songs,
The praises of our heavenly King,
To whom all praise belongs.

With true delight, we'll strike each chord
 In ecstasy of joy:
 The love and faith which fill our hearts
 Are pure, without alloy;
 And when the Lord shall come again,
 The children of His love
 Will join in songs of lasting praise,
 To greet Him from above.

HYMN 175.

Hark! listen to the music
 Swell from that mighty throng:
 'Tis the children of God's kingdom,
 Their voices sweet and strong;
 Their heavenly notes inspire me,
 And fill my soul with praise,
 To thank our Heavenly Father
 For these the latter days.

Rejoice, rejoice, dear children,
 Great blessings are in store
 For all who're living faithful,
 And strive to sin no more.

Be kind unto your parents,
 Their counsels strict obey
 And follow good examples,
 That is the better way.

HYMN 176.

Praise to God, the great Creator;
 Praise to God, from every tongue:
 Let us join with every creature;
 Join the universal song.

Father, source of all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:
 Hail the God of our salvation!
 Praise Him for His love divine.

Joyfully, on earth adore Him,
 Till in heaven our songs we raise;
 Then enraptured fall before Him,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Praise to God, the great Creator,
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
 Praise Him, every living creature,
 Earth and heaven's united host.

HYMN 177.

How vast the wisdom, love and power,
Of Him who rules the earth and sky,
Whose bounties bless us every hour,
And all our wants in life supply.

He sees the humble sparrow fall,
Numbers the hairs upon our head;
He hears the hungry ravens call,
And children's prayers in meekness
said.

Sun, moon and stars, and clouds above,
In harmony their course pursue
To fill the earth with life and love,
And wond'rous scenery, grand and new.

River and mountain, plain and dell,
How sweet the charms they proudly
yield!

How prompt to play their part so well
In nature's wide and smiling field;

The nodding flow'rets, sweet and fair,
Look up to kiss the dewy morn,

And waft rich fragrance to the air
 To greet the swallow's glad return.

Well may we pause, and think how well
 And wise the gifts on us bestowed,
 And join with nature's voice to tell
 The wonders of a loving God.

HYMN 178.

Lord, I would own Thy tender care,
 And all Thy love to me;
 The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
 Are all bestowed by Thee.

My health and friends and parents dear
 To me, by God are given,
 I have not any blessing here
 That's not bestowed by heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
 A child cannot repay,
 But may it be my daily prayer
 To love Thee and obey.

HYMN 179.

In the days we had no Sunday school, a
long time ago,
The Sabbath hours were dreary ones,
they passed unused and slow;
'Twas toil for father, mother too, when
first these vales were trod,
And schools and books could not be found
on Utah's sterile sod,
And schools and books could not be found
on Utah's sterile sod.
But as the days and years passed by we
learned the knee to bow,
And taught were we to love the Lord,
Yes, in the long ago.

But more to-day are children blessed, for
happy they can meet,
By thousands all through Utah's vales,
and glad God's Sabbath greet,
For Father hath inspired His Saints to
organize their youth,

And gather them where they can hear
and read the words of truth.

And gather them where they can hear
and read the words of truth.

And thousands have their minds im-
proved, they long yet more to know,
So to each Sabbath School they haste,
with hearts that overflow.

Whene'er, or where, we bow the knee
and call upon the Lord,

We fervent ask that He would bless the
teachers of our ward,

And all who in this cause engage of teach-
ing Zion's youth

The revelations of God's will, the gospel's
sacred truth.

The revelations of God's will, the gospel's
sacred truth.

That they may faithful be and true, to
duty here below,

And feel that Sabbath schools have
changed, the past—the long ago.

And when these workers pass away to
 realms beyond the skies,
 A mighty host shall spring to fill the
 places they can prize,
 To bear the kingdom off in power, in
 these the latter days,
 To step to time as God works out His
 plan through wisdom's ways.
 To step to time as God works out His
 plan through wisdom's ways.
 By countless myriads through the land
 shall Israel spread and grow,
 And congregate in Sabbath school more
 wise than long ago.

HYMN 180.

Who riseth like the light enrolled
 O'er all the landscape fair and wide?
 They come, and wond'ring eyes behold
 Their numbers and their youth, with
 pride.
 And this their waving banners tell—
 We are the hope of Israel.

We come from homes of truth and love,
 Where days, begun and closed with
 prayer,
 Have bound our hearts to Him above,
 And His, the mission which we bear.
 And this, our cov'nant, each and all—
 We follow, follow at His call.

An army for the Lord enrolled,
 The snow-white robes of peace we wear;
 Fair Zion is the fort we hold,
 And righteousness, the sword we bear;
 The sacred flag is now unfurled;
 We march to gather all the world.

HYMN 181.

Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
 Now is the time to show;
 We ask it fearlessly,
 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
 We wage no common war,
 Cope with no common foe;
 The enemy's awake;
 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

We serve the living God,
 And want his foes to know,
 That if but few, we're great,
 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
 We're going on to win,
 Nor fear must blanch the brow,
 The Lord of Hosts is ours,
 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

The stone cut without hands,
 To fill the earth must grow;
 Who'll help to roll it on?
 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
 Our ensign to the world,
 Is floating proudly now,
 No coward bears our flag;
 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

The powers of earth and hell,
 In rage, direct the blow
 That's aimed to crush the work;
 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

Truth, life and liberty,
 Freedom from death and woe,
 Are stakes we're fighting for;
 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

The Lord has armies great,
 Which at his bidding go,
 His chariots are strong:
 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
 When He makes bare His arm
 To lay the wicked low,
 Then is the time to ask
 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

Then rally to the flag;
 Our God will help us through;
 The victory is ours:
 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
 Stainless our flag must wave,
 And to the nations show
 The olive branch of peace;
 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

HYMN 182.

We are marching on! We are marching
on!

A little Mormon band;
We seek to know and please God, too,
In this, His chosen land,
Where sin, and all its ills should cease,
And ignorance must flee
Before the might of gospel light;
The truth will make us free.

CHORUS:

We are marching on! We are marching
on!

And though the way be long,
We'll keep it bright, with faith by night,
And glad by day with song.

We are marching on! We are marching
on!

A glad and happy throng,
Who love the truth, and in our youth,
Would help its cause along.
We'll show our gratitude to those

Who've taught us what is right;
 And never stray from wisdom's way,
 But keep it day and night.

We are marching on! We are marching
 on! —

And call on old and young,
 On every hand, in every land,
 From every clime and tongue,
 To come with us our God to serve,
 And learn his mind and will;
 Where he will guide, whate'er betide,
 With revelations still.

We are marching on! We are marching
 on!

Then come with us and raise
 Your voice to swell, the song to tell,
 Of our Redeemer's praise,
 Till all the pure in heart shall know.
 The gospel's power to save;
 Our flag, unfurled, before the world,
 Shall never cease to wave.

HYMN 183.

I'll be a little "Mormon,"
And seek to know the ways
Which God has taught His people,
In these the latter days.
I know that He has blest me
With mercies rich and kind;
And I will strive to serve Him
With all my might and mind.

By sacred revelation
Which He to us has given,
He tells us how to follow
The ancient Saints to heaven.
Tho' I am young and little,
I, too, may learn forthwith,
To love the precious gospel
Revealed to Joseph Smith.

With Jesus for the standard,
A sure and perfect guide;
And Joseph's wise example,
What can I need beside?

I'll strive from every evil
 To keep my heart and tongue ;
 I'll be a little "Mormon,"
 Tho' I am very young.

HYMN 184.

When little Samuel woke
 And heard his Maker speak,
 He thought that Eli spoke,
 And unto him did seek :
 But Eli said, "It is the Lord ;
 Go now and listen to His word."

If God would speak to me,
 And say He was my friend,
 How happy I would be !
 O, how I would attend !
 The smallest sin, I then should fear,
 If God our Father were so near.

And does He never speak ?
 O yes, for in His Word,
 He bids me come and seek
 The God whom Samuel heard.
 And thro' His Priesthood, lovingly,
 The God of Samuel speaks to me.

Like Samuel, let me say,
 Whene'er I hear His word,
 Speak, Lord, I will obey
 The voice that Samuel heard;
 And when I in Thy house appear,
 Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

HYMN 185.

"Have we guardian angels in this world
 of ours?"

Asked a child while sitting by its
 mother's side,

"When we go out walking or gath'ring
 pretty flowers,

Do they walk beside us and our foot-
 steps guide?"

"Yes," the mother answered, "there are
 angels near

Who are always ready to lead us by the
 hand,

Though we cannot see them or their
 voices hear

They are waiting on us by the Lord's
 command."

"Mother do the angels hear the words we
 say,
 All our daily prayers, and every little
 song,
 Are they always with us both by night and
 day
 Do they know our actions, whether right
 or wrong?"

"Yes, my child, the angels note each
 word and deed,
 Every kindly act, and all the good we do,
 And our very thoughts the holy angels
 read,
 And record our actions, good and evil
 too."

HYMN 186.

If earth can be more lovely
 In a celestial state,
 How wise must be our Father,
 How good, how kind, how great!
 For I can find some beauty
 In every thing I see;
 Can learn some pleasant lesson
 From blossom, bird and tree.

If richer gems of knowledge
Shall yet adorn the earth,
And higher gifts of wisdom,
Who can describe their worth?

It surely is worth striving,
To do our very best,
To live for life eternal,
And be forever blest.

HYMN 187.

Faith, eternal, heavenly pow'r,
Dwell within me every hour;
Adding to me grace to grace,
Till I see my Savior's face.

Hope, thou glorious light divine,
Let thy blessed ray be mine;
Soothing every pain and care,
Holding me from dark despair.

Charity, "pure love of Christ,"
Be not from my soul enticed;
Teach me where to plant my feet,
Safely every test to meet.

HYMN 188.

Truth will triumph! Never fear,
Ye who battle for the right;
Be in earnest, be sincere,
Pray and work with all your might.
Should you once mistake your part,
Humbly bear all just reproof;
Cleanse and purify your heart,
From all baseness stand aloof.
Help your brother on the road,
Think not of yourself alone;
Aid him with his heavy load,
Guard his honor as your own.
Be prepared for deadly strife,
Virtue to the death defend;
Thy reward, eternal life,
Truth will triumph, at the end.

HYMN 189.

When duty's finger points the way,
Where lies some work to do,
Go, face the task, without delay,
With purpose firm and true.

In all your projects, great or small,
Be earnest to excel,
For what is fit to do at all
Is worth the doing well.

The path which Providence marks out,
May seem rough, crooked, steep;
Sharp thorns may hedge you round about,
And torrents wild and deep;
Yet, faith and hope will still the heart
And peace the gloom dispel,
If you will act an honest part
And aim to do it well.

'Tis meet that we should see and know
The bitter and the sweet,
And taste, at times, the pangs of woe
In many a strange retreat;
But play our part where'er we may,
In bonds, or prison cell,
'Twill yield us strength some future day
If we will do it well.

There's much to gain or much to lose
 By children of the light,
 And Satan ev'ry wile will use
 To rout the cause of right.
 But, since the Master has defined
 How right shall wrong expel,
 'Tis ours to do the task assigned
 And strive to do it well.

HYMN 190.

Nay, speak no ill, a kindly word,
 Can never leave a sting behind;
 And O, to breathe each tale we've heard,
 Is far beneath a noble mind.
 Full oft a better seed is sown
 By cheering thus, the kinder plan,
 For, if but little good is known,
 Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
 Would fain another's faults efface:
 How can it please the human pride
 To prove humanity but base?

No, let us reach a higher mood—
 A nobler estimate of man;
 Be earnest in the search for good,
 And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
 To others' failings as your own,
 If you'r the first a fault to see,
 Be not the first to make it known.
 For life is but a passing day,
 No lip may tell how brief its span:
 Then, O, the little time we stay,
 Let's speak of all the best we can.

HYMN 191.

Let us cherish a love for the beauties of
 home,
 There is nothing more charming on
 earth;
 Tho' in distant, fair climes seeking pleas-
 ure we roam,
 We will find not their equals in worth.

There's a peace and a joy that our homes
do afford

Which the wand'rer abroad will not
find,

Tho' he meet with kind friends who will
gladly accord

Unto him many favors so kind.

All the happy, bright days of our child-
hood were spent

In our innocent glee round its
hearth,

And the memories sweet of those mo-
ments have lent

To it richness in beauty and worth.

There we've played 'neath the shade of
the trees that o'erhung

The low cottage that sheltered our
heads;

And have romped through the orchard to
hide there among

The green bushes in soft, grassy beds.

But most precious it is for the dear, loved
 ones there,
 Whose affections entwine round our
 heart,
 And which bind us together wherever we
 are
 In friendship that time cannot part.

Let us then be content with the beauties
 of home,
 Since naught else upon earth is more
 fair,
 Though in lands far or near, seeking pleas-
 ure we roam,
 We will find not more joy than is there.

HYMN 192.

Hark, hark, hark to the classmates' song!
 List, list, listen to the classmates' song!
 Strong in the fight for truth;
 Full in the hope of youth,
 Now joyous strains we prolong.
 Hope on, trust on, strive on, battle on,
 Rest not till our work, our work is done;

Look up, look on, press on, march on
Till the fight is lost or won.

CHORUS:

Hope on! this our song, our song shall be;
Trust on, scorn to flinch, to flinch or flee;
Whoe'er assail, right will prevail,
This our theme, our song shall be.

Shout, shout, shout till the echoes ring;
Shout, shout, shout forth the song we
sing!

Firm in the ranks we stand,
United heart and hand,
Sweet notes of love and joy we bring.
Strive on for the side of truth alone,
Live on for the cause, the cause we own;
Surely treading, firm advancing,
Till our labor here is done.

HYMN 193.

Come dear schoolmates, let us rally
Round the educator's stand,
Where true wisdom's ever sounding,
And with truth goes hand in hand.

Let us seek for all true knowledge,
 And from ignorance get free,
 And, with joyous, gladsome voices,
 Hail the dawn of victory.

Education throws her portals
 Open widely to us all,
 Shall we gather round her standard?
 Shall we answer to her call?
 Shall we longer waste the moments
 That to us are kindly giv'n?
 Shall we, by the pow'r of error,
 Into darkest night be driv'n?

Hark! I hear an eager answer:
 "Yes, dear friends we'll join with you;
 We will aid you in the battle,
 Struggle manfully and true.
 Darkness, ignorance shall vanish,
 Light and knowledge take their place;
 And improvement be our motto
 We'll advance with rapid pace."

Then we'll clasp our hand in friendship,
 And a mighty phalanx stand;
 Be impregnable to arrows
 Hurled by superstition's hand.
 Now the field has opened widely,
 There is room enough for all;
 Rally, then, and join our army;
 Answer education's call!

HYMN 194.

Come join our celebration with hallowed
 songs of joy,
 And on this bright occasion your sweetest
 notes employ;
 Parents and friends invited, and teachers
 now are here,
 In purpose all united, our joyful hearts
 to cheer.

CHORUS:

Come join our celebration with hallowed
 songs of joy,
 And on this bright occasion your sweetest
 notes employ.

Thanks to the God of heaven, kind
Guardian of our race,
For all the favors given beneath His
smiling face;

For health and strength and reason, and
friendship unalloyed,
And every pleasant season in Sunday
School enjoyed,

Thanks for the kind protection God's
arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection He causes to
abound

In those who're watching o'er us with
many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us to peace and
heavenly joy.

May God, with many a blessing, reward
their toil and care,
And hear them while addressing His
throne in fervant prayer.

And may His love constraining our
youthful spirits bow,
And grace forever reigning, our inmost
souls endow.

HYMN 195.

Oft, when loved ones, called to leave us,
Pass to shining scenes beyond,
Questions, why they thus bereave us,
Plunge us into dark despond.

But with words most true and tender
Some one whispers at our side,
"Service he has gone to render,
Wanted on the other side!"

Wanted? Yes, to preach salvation!
Visit friends long passed away,
Father, mother, dear relation,
Longer here he could not stay!

While we mourn, their welcomes greet
him,
Hail to one so nobly born!
With what joy they flock to meet him,
Him for whom we mortals mourn!

Cease your sobs! Oh, cease your weeping,
In your Savior now confide,
He is in the Lord's safe keeping;
Wanted on the other side!

HYMN 196.

When a loved one is summoned by death
to depart

From its parents and friends on the
earth,

There's a vacancy felt in each sensitive
heart

Which can never be filled up by mirth,
But the spirit of God will afford us re-
lief

If we humbly rely on its power,
When we seek it we find 'tis balm for our
grief

And our sorrows grow less from that
hour.

CHORUS:

For we know that our loved one from sin
is made free,

And that Christ this assurance has
given,

Saying, suffer little children to come unto
Me,

For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

2

We have met to attend to whatever
pertains

To the funeral rites for the dead;
To consign to the grave all the mortal
remains

Of the loved one, whose spirit has fled;
To speak comforting words to each other,
to pray

And to sing with united accord,
Well convinced, "The Lord giveth, He
hath taken away,

Ever blest be the name of the Lord."

It is true we feel sad, and we weep for
the loss

Of the loved one, of whom we're bereft,
Yet, rejoice in the knowledge that Christ,
by the cross,

For all such, a rich legacy, left:
Therefore, we'll not mourn as do those
without hope,

For, if we, in the Lord put our trust
He will help us with all earthly trials
to cope,

And hereafter, to rise with the just.

When such troubles as this we are called
 to pass through,
 Each, to us, an incentive, should be,
 To live nearer to God, to ourselves be
 more true,
 And endeavor, from sin, to be free;
 So that, when our work's done, and we
 lay down our lives,
 All our loved ones again we may greet
 Where good brothers and sisters, good
 husbands and wives
 And good parents and children will
 meet.

HYMN 197.

Let the children come to Me,
 Through My blood I've set them free;
 I have made the children Mine,
 In My kingdom they will shine.

Only those whose hearts are pure
 Can Eternal Life secure;
 As little children they must be,
 Else they ne'er can come to Me.

All who would from sin be free
 And My great salvation see,
 Through good works their faith can prove;
 I will save through faith and love.

HYMN 198.

‘Twas on the Mount of Calvary,
 Our Savior bled and died;
 A crown of thorns was on His head,
 And wounds were in His side.

Darkness prevail’d o’er all the land;
 While Jesus groaned in pain;
 Three dreadful hours,—the earth did
 quake,
 And rocks were rent in twain.

‘Twas thus our Lord was crucified,
 And yet He cried “Forgive,”
 He loved the world, and gave His life,
 That all mankind might live.

If they will keep the law of God,
 Then will His death atone;
 But man must recognize this gift,
 Through Jesus Christ alone.

Remembering the Savior's words,
 When he the bread did break;
 And blest the cup and gave to them
 Who did with him partake.

Be this our silent witness here,
 Till He shall come again;
 Redeemer, Conqueror and King,
 For evermore to reign.

HYMN 199.

Proud? Yes, of our home in the moun-
 tains,
 Where the prophets of Israel reside,
 And faithful ones quaff from the foun-
 tains,
 Where wisdom and virtue abide.
 The Lord is now pouring a blessing—
 Is blessing the living and dead,
 And thousands are now gladly drinking
 At streams from the great fountain
 head.

CHORUS:

Proud? Yes, of our home in the mountains,

Where prophets of Israel reside,
And faithful ones quaff from the fountains,

Where wisdom and virtue abide.

The Saints are inviting the nations

Unto chambers prepared of our God;

To join in the plan of redemption,

Far away from the scourge and the rod.

Already the black horse is prancing,

Denoting that death is at hand;

Destruction is surely advancing,

To conquest in every land.

God's Zion is rich, and her blessing

The wide world will forever excel,

E'en now, see her people possessing,

More than poets or prophets could tell,

Like pillars of heaven her mountains,

Adorned with perpetual snow,

Their joy to replenish earth's fountains,

And fertilize valleys below.

REFERENCE TO MUSIC.

The small italic letter placed before a hymn shows where the music to that hymn can be found.

<i>a</i>	stands for Jubilee Song Book, 1874.			
<i>b</i>	"	"	Sunday School Music Cards.	
<i>c</i>	"	"	S. S. Union Music Book.	
<i>d</i>	"	"	Primary Tune Book.	
<i>e</i>	"	"	Juvenile Instructor, Vol. 17.	
<i>f</i>	"	"	"	Vol. 18.
<i>g</i>	"	"	"	Vol. 19.
<i>h</i>	"	"	"	Vol. 20.
<i>i</i>	"	"	"	Vol. 21.
<i>j</i>	"	"	"	Vol. 22.
<i>k</i>	"	"	"	Vol. 23.

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